

The TATLER

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London, April 1, 1931

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The Hanworth Club,
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Hull Aero Club,
Hull Municipal Aerodrome,
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Lancashire Aero Club,
Woodford Aerodrome,
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Leicester Aero Club,
Desford Aerodrome,
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Liverpool & District Aero Club,
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London Aeroplane Club,
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Midland Aero Club,
Castle Bromwich Aerodrome,
Birmingham.

Newcastle-on-Tyne Aero Club,
Cramlington Aerodrome,
Newcastle.

Norfolk & Norwich Aero Club,
Mousehold Aerodrome,
Norwich.

Northamptonshire Aero Club,
Sywell Aerodrome,
Northampton.

Nottingham Flying Club,
Tollerton, Notts.

Royal Aircraft Estabmt. Aero Club,
Farnborough Aerodrome,
Hants.

Sussex Aero Club,
Shoreham Aerodrome.

Yorkshire Aeroplane Club,
Sherburn-in-Elmet,
Near Leeds.

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THE NEW VAMP, MARLENE DIETRICH, WITH GARY COOPER

In "Morocco," the new Paramount film, which was presented at the Carlton Theatre on March 26, and the beautiful lady who plays the lead opposite Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou came over from Hollywood, where the film was made specially, to be present at the première. The highly expert American film specialists say that Marlene Dietrich challenges the supremacy of even Greta Garbo in the kind of alluring vamp parts which they both play. It is definite, however, that the Women's Association of America has said that Marlene Dietrich with her red-gold hair and her bluey-green eyes is so beautiful as to be of the dangerous home-wrecker type. There is no question as to the lady's beauty and talent. Her first big success was with Emil Jannings in "The Blue Angel"



AT THE GARTH POINT-TO-POINT

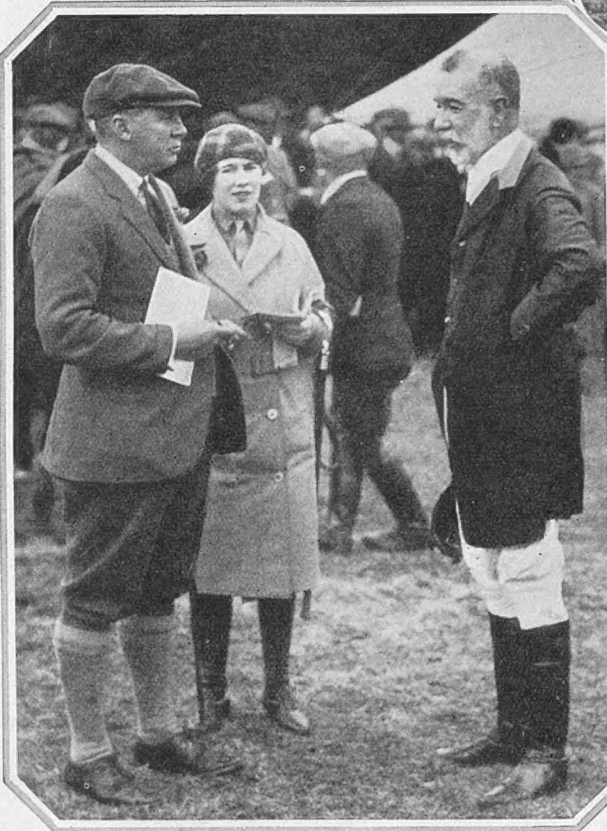
A group at Arborfield, where this meeting was run last week. The names, left to right, are: Mrs. Lindsay, the Hon. Lady Fiennes, Miss Betty Sandeman, and the Hon. Sir Eustace Fiennes, who is a brother of Lord Saye and Sele and has a house, Coombe Edge, Windlesham, Surrey, in part of which county the Garth country lies

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1

I ALWAYS knew the spring sun was supposed to have all sorts of beneficent qualities, but I never believed that it could cast out covetousness. I'll tell you how I came to know. Before the Grand Military at Sandown hardly a day passed without my wishing I had a coat of Persian lamb, or a shorn one to temper the wind; but, of course, just wishing was no use and shivering the only alternative. Then came Sandown and with it all the Persian lamb wearers in the world. How hot they looked, poor things, I thought, happy in my thin spring suit, for it really was baking in sheltered places.

Many white hats and caps dotted about in the crowd looked like giant snowdrops rising from a wintry ground. A few of them suited their attendant faces but several did not. The modish complexion of the moment which resembles an immature tangerine was, in some cases, affected by the temperature and definitely not sunproof; in sympathy, with some of the horses, it also ran.

Understand that none of the foregoing is applicable to those whom I am going to mention in the following despatch.



THE CUMBERLAND POINT-TO-POINT: MR. AND MRS. C. M. PARKER AND SIR WILFRID LAWSON

Sir Wilfrid Lawson was born in 1862 and yet rides in point-to-point races—a fine effort. This is yet another proof that one way to keep young is to go out fox-hunting. Sir Wilfrid Lawson's seat is Isel Hall, Cockermouth, and he has been Master of the Cumberland since 1909. It is a bank and ditch country with a few walls thrown in

The Letters of Eve



AT SANDOWN: MRS. VÍCTOR GILPIN AND LIEUT.-COLONEL GILES LODER

On the last day of the Grand Military Meeting which was an even bigger success than usual this year. Mrs. Victor Gilpin is the wife of the well-known Newmarket trainer, and Lieut.-Colonel Giles Loder, who trains with him, is of course one of the most famous owners on the English turf

For some reason or other the first bright days of the year are responsible for the appearance of a lot of brilliant red and blue. These colours are produced in the spring to greet the sun, like banners displayed to welcome royalty. Anyhow the paddock at the Grand Military had the most patriotic effect. Lady Abergavenny only had touches of blue, but Lady Salmond's whole outfit was red. Lady Irene Cubitt is one of the most active people imaginable; one day she is hunting with the Bicester, that evening may be seen in London, and a few hours later is on a racecourse; always neat and trim wherever she may be. Miss Olive Evers, "Jenny Jay" of *Tantivy Towers*, was also there, looking very pretty, and Mrs. Knox-Gore, who plays golf so well, was another I saw. Her husband ("Oxo" to his friends) is in the 60th.

Mrs. Willoughby Norrie, in half-mourning for the death of her father, Mr. Gosling, for years M.F.H. the Garth, was admirably dressed for

the day. I'm sorry to have to tell you but this suitability was unusual, bits and pieces being all too evident, as if people had not been sure what to wear, but were leaving nothing to chance.

About the racing, which, after all, had some importance. Mr. Moseley, the owner of the Grand Military winner, is a genuine case as he started race riding at the earliest opportunity, i.e. when he was at Cambridge. Here other competitors at Cottenham had great reason to fear him. It seemed all wrong to see General George Paynter on his feet, he being one of the traditional riders in this race and of unrivalled popularity. I want to go on telling you about these two lovely days, but the time has come to talk of other things.

I spent an amusing evening at the Berkeley the other night. Stuart Ross and Joe Sargent, the great attractions there just now, were in capital voice and ultra-quippish mood, and they had to sing far oftener than they meant to, so insistently did everyone ask for more. This clever pair have an amazingly diverse repertoire, and they give tongue as successfully in French and German as in English or American.

The place was very full and people appeared pleased with

home this week, and there is to be a family gathering at Cardiff Castle for Easter.

When matrimonial plans are published, adverse comments as to the advisability of the arrangements are sometimes heard, but Mr. David Smith's engagement to Lady Helen Pleydell Bouverie is certain to meet with the complete approval of their quantities of friends, for they are both particularly charming. Lord Hambleden's youngest brother, who is twenty-four, a year older than his fiancée, is now established in the family firm, W. H. Smith and Son, after a preliminary training in the essentials to a successful business career. He has also had a look at American methods, having travelled in the States after leaving Oxford, where he stayed longer than most people, and was tremendously popular. Lady Helen, lately back from a visit to South Africa, is fair, always laughing, very interested in humanity, and a good companion. Up to now she has lived mostly in the country, and Wiltshire will be exceedingly sorry to lose this most attractive person.

Critics, I suppose, must have their say and be allowed to state that Nikita Balieff is just the same, thereby implying that his attraction is diminishing. Here I disagree, finding him and his clever satellites as appealing as before. He has certainly not worn thin, although his English has become more broken than ever. The restraint of the scenery amounts to genius, especially when the black velvet backcloth alone is allowed to subsidize the melodious discord of colour and sound which the Russian chorus provides.

"The Queen of Spades" has a series of scenes, brilliantly produced with the minimum of effort, and music, slightly macabre, to match. "Prima-vera," another number which was quite delightful, had the advantage of Nikitina's dancing; she and five others were like mobile crocuses in pyjama suitings, ideal for taking the steps they took.

The Cambridge Theatre is to be congratulated on its searchlight system for programme inspection, though it struck me

(Continued overleaf)



Moffat, Edinburgh
LADY GLENTANAR AND HER DAUGHTER

Lady Glentanar is the beautiful Norwegian wife of Lord Glentanar, and was married in 1927. She was then Miss Grethe Dagbjørt Thoresen, and is the daughter of Thor Thoresen of Oslo

themselves, which is always an encouraging sight. Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher had a large table-full of guests. Major Percy Whitaker and his daughter were also being hospitable, and others to be seen included Sir Charles Markham, Lady Mary Grosvenor, who was in black satin, Lady Poltimore in pale green with a large silver flower, Sir Wilfred and Lady Moon, and Mr. and Mrs. Derek Jackson. She, you know, was Miss Poppet John until the beginning of March, and they are just back from honeymooning in France.

Lady Mary Crichton-Stuart, looking most engaging in white, was with her eldest brother, Lord Dumfries. Their parents, Lord and Lady Bute, own a very big estate near Gibraltar, and have been out there for some months. They are due



Eva Barrett, Rome
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS DELLA PUGLIE AND HER DAUGHTER H.R.H. THE PRINCESS MARGUERITE

The marriage of the Duke and Duchess della Puglie in Naples a couple of years ago was one of the most distinguished functions Italy has ever known. The Duchess was Princess Anna of France, and is the second daughter of the Duke de Guise. The Duke della Puglie is the eldest son of the Duke and Duchess D'Aosta. The Duchess did noble work amongst the injured during the recent appalling earthquake in Naples, and has always been an ardent worker for the Italian Red Cross

The Letters of Eve—cont.

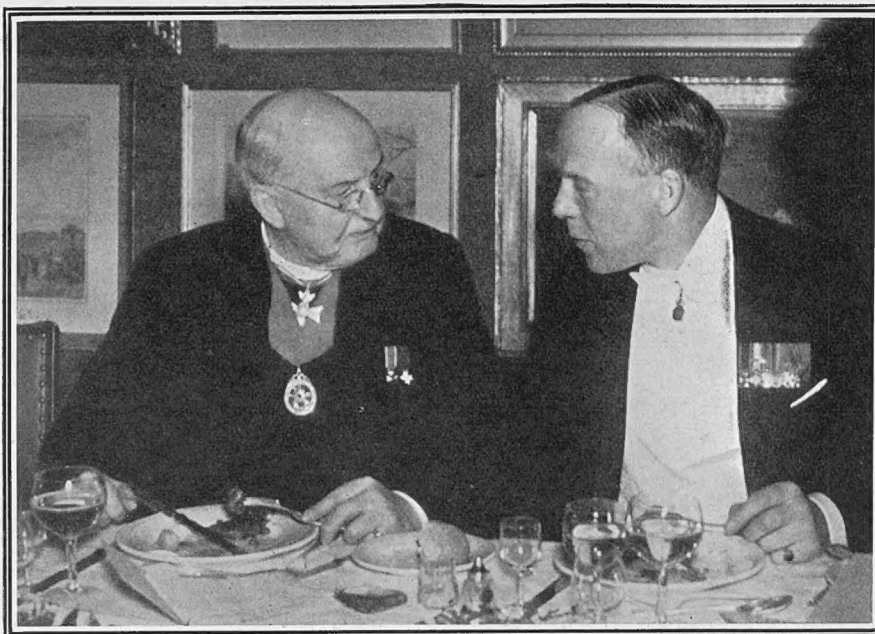
that the overhead illumination had rather a sinister effect on the audience. Exceptions to this were Lord and Lady Romilly, she in a short red velvet jacket, Colonel Pigot-Moodie, and someone as much like Mrs. Macindoe as the restrained lighting would allow to be seen. Her success as a builder and decorator has extended to Delhi, where she was responsible for the designing of the State apartments in the new palace Sir Edwin Lutyens has built there.

Miss Elinor Pease's wedding to Lord and Lady Rochdale's son at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, was a very colourful affair. The screen was covered with red flowers, and the eight bridesmaids made a rainbow effect with their bright little silk coats of every shade. They carried huge bunches of mixed tulips, and Mr. John Kemp's presents to them, extra long bead necklaces, contributed further glowing colours. The general result was, I thought, very good indeed.

Mrs. Ernest Pease gave away her daughter, who wore a ravishing frock of gold and white moiré, and a veil which had attended the Court of Louis XVI. The reception at 63, Cadogan Square, which Mrs. Pease has taken for a few months, was congested with congratulators. Those with a family interest in the central figures included Lord and Lady Daryngton, Lord Gainford, Sir Richard and Lady Pease, and several Egertons. The bride being a very keen navigator many of her fellow members of the Bembridge Sailing Club came to help launch her on the matrimonial seas, among them being General and Mrs. Woodruffe, Miss Susan Dudley-Ryder, Mrs. Franklyn and her daughter, and Mrs. James Ismay.

Comings are much more prevalent than goings just now; people are massing in London like migrating birds preparatory to making an Easter swoop on country places, their own or their friends'. Sir Kay and Lady Muir of Blair Drummond arrived home from Africa via Cannes not long ago. The aim of their journey was to stay with Mrs. Sheridan, whose house near Biskra is run on authentic Arabic lines. Her chisel and her pen have won considerable renown, as her aim with both is unerring.

Lady Muir is tall and exceedingly good-looking; being a Bulgarian by birth she has the gift of tongues, and her house-parties in their Perthshire home are amusingly cosmopolitan. Blair Drummond is an enormous place which has an unrivalled view of Stirling. One of the most attractive pictures in the house is a charming portrait of Lady Muir when a child, painted by Philip de Laszlo. There are not many places in Scotland where trees grow to any appreciable height; here they happen to do so in the most obliging way, and Sir Kay, being much interested in arboriculture, has some very fine and rare specimens. An old tomb was found in the garden not long ago,



AT THE R.I. OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS' DINNER

The Dean of Westminster, the Very Rev. W. F. Norris, and Wing-Commander Louis Grieg, neither of whom are artists, at this great gathering of talent last week. Almost every distinguished person in every walk of life attended this dinner either as a host or a guest, and the professions of arms, the law, medicine, music, and the drama all had outstanding representatives

More pictures of this event in next week's TATLER

but one could add to the list of decorative persons almost indefinitely did space permit. 66, Upper Brook Street is an admirable house for a dance. The ball-room on the ground floor is magnificent, but I found it difficult to take in its features in detail so great was the number of circulating figures. We went upstairs for supper, a reversal of the usual order of things.



"CHARLIE," BOAR-HUNTER

Whether Mr. Chaplin really wanted to go and see the Duke of Westminster's hounds hunt a boar at Le Bahot in France is not known definitely. Some people never feel quite safe doing this sort of thing unless they have a good spear in their hands, and even then it is no absolute guarantee. In France they hunt the gentleman with a pack of hounds

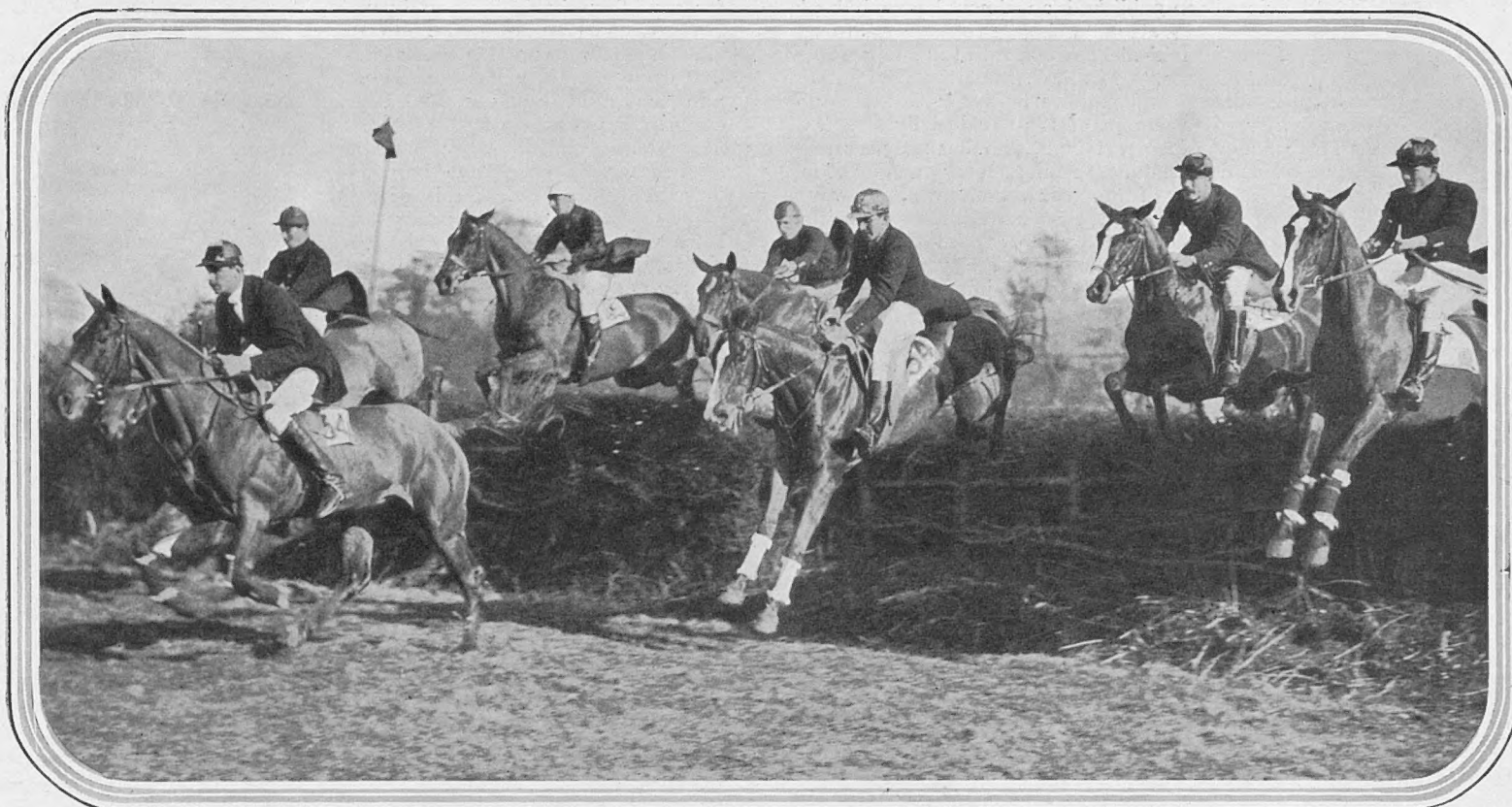
and excavations proved it to be of Pictish origin, coins, and other evidence pointing to that period.

The Duchess of York was a radiant vision in pale mauve and pearls at the ball given in Upper Brook Street by her sister, Lady Elphinstone. The Duke was there too, and T.R.H. danced quite a lot, both together and with their friends. Everywhere lovely faces met the eye. There was the Duchess of Rutland looking very young and exquisite in white satin, with some of her marvellous diamonds; Miss Elizabeth Brand and Miss Phyllis Astor both wore white too; Lady Hartington was in pale blue, Miss Margaret Thesiger in pale green satin. Then there were Miss Anne Charteris, Miss Diana Cavendish, Miss Vida Cuthbert—

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Taylor's Anglo-American party at the Savoy was the greatest fun. This charming young couple are rapidly becoming as popular in this country as they are in the States, and they certainly understand the art of entertaining their friends. Douglas Byng was there to divert us, and the guest of the evening was Mr. Mellon, on whose National entries many American hopes were fixed. Lord and Lady Dufferin and Lady Bridget Parsons added to the gaiety of the gathering, and it was nice to see that Mr. Eric Hatry had obviously greatly benefited in health from the cruise he took with Lord and Lady Pembroke and Lady Juliet Duff.

News of the Westmeath Point-to-Point has just reached me. It occurred at Ardinvahan, and there was great excitement when Miss Peggy Irvine, riding her own mare Sheila, dead-heated with Sir Ernest Goff on Miss Ruth Murphy's No More, for the coveted Barbour Cup. For a lady to be concerned in the finish was unprecedented, and Lord Muskerry's tall, slim, fair niece earned lots of praise. Her cousin, Mrs. Nigel Baring, had journeyed from Limerick to see the race, and Mr. and Mrs. Bowes Daly had also a good way to come, but no one in Ireland thinks much of distance when anything worth while is afoot at the end of it. Lady Moira and Lady Eileen Forbes were giving the racing the fullest attention, and their suitings, blue for the former and red for the latter, were a nice choice. Captain and Mrs. Boyd-Rochfort brought Mr. and Mrs. Jock Whitney over from Middleton, and of course everyone wanted last hints about Aintree. I am just off there, so you must wait till next week to hear how wise I can be after the event.—Yours, EVE.

OVER THE TOP AND ON THE FLAT!



THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY POINT-TO-POINT AT KIMBLE, BUCKS

The picture above, taken at the H.B. Point-to-Point run at Kimble, near Aylesbury, in the Whaddon country, is of the field crossing the first fence in the Brigade of Guards Cup, which was won by Mr. H. Tate's Lusty Runner, ridden by the owner. Mr. Tate is in the Grenadiers. It was an Inter-Regimental contest decided on points, and the Scots Guards won it in spite of a Grenadier being first past the post. Most of the obstacles in the Whaddon country want doing, and this looks like one of them that does

The three winning smiles in the picture from Lincoln are refreshing. Knight Error's win was not merely "popular" in the usual sense, but because everyone likes the owner, the gallant trainer (a Grand National "jockey" many a time), and Fred Fox, top of the averages last year and now nicely off the mark with the winner of the first important flat race of the season. Let us hope the triumvirate (plus Knight Error) will end off the season by winning the Cambridgeshire



THE LINCOLN WINNERS: CAPTAIN PERCY WHITAKER (trainer of Knight Error), CAPTAIN STANLEY WILSON (owner), AND FRED FOX (jockey)

The Cinema : Sherlock Holmes Again

By JAMES AGATE

THERE has just been published an almost heavenly book, entitled "Doctor Watson," being "Prolegomena to the Study of a Biographical Problem, with the Bibliography of Sherlock Holmes." Mr. S. C. Roberts is the author, and I should pronounce the book quite heavenly if it were not for a better review of it in one of the weeklies by Mr. E. C. Bentley. This shadow of a great man, who has no peer save Boswell, has dazzled many minds. Almost every essayist of my acquaintance has dreamed of those six months when he would have the leisure to write the good fellow's life, the most exciting matter of reference and cross-reference, a life stocked with adventure and touched here and there with the tender beams of romance. Watson, never let it be forgotten, joined his regiment, the Northumberland Fusiliers, to which he was posted as assistant-surgeon at Kandahar. But it was at the Battle of Maiwand and attached to the Berkshires that Watson first went into action, during the course of which he was struck in the left shoulder by a Jezail bullet. So much for the grizzled warrior. After this came the return to England with a broken constitution and a pension of eleven-and-sixpence a day, which denied him even the modest comfort of a hotel in the Strand. All this, of course, was in 1880 and early in 1881. It was towards the end of the latter year that Watson, having met in the Criterion bar a young man called Stamford, who had been a dresser under him at Bart's, was carried off by him to be introduced to Sherlock Holmes. Young Stamford "looked rather strangely over his wine-glass," and Mr. Roberts rises to the heights of the born biographer when he asks whether the young man "had some kind of intuition that he was to be one of the great liaison officers of literary history, that he was shortly to bring about a meeting comparable in its far-reaching influences with that other meeting arranged by Tom Davies in Russell Street, Covent Garden, more than a hundred years before." Though only an army surgeon Watson was not by any means a fool, as Mr. Roberts justly observes:—

In the course of the adventure which is known to history as *A Study in Scarlet*, Watson's alertness as a medical man is immediately evident. His deduction of the solubility in water of the famous pill was quick and accurate; nor did he fail to diagnose an aortic aneurism in Jefferson Hope.

A point which perhaps will never be settled is the exact date of Watson's marriage to the ever fragrant Miss Morstan. The traditional date is 1888, based upon a statement used by the lady herself in "The Sign of Four," when she was still Miss Morstan. On the other hand, "The Adventure of the Five Orange Pips" is dated September, 1887, and occurs *after* Watson's marriage, for his wife had gone to visit her aunt, and the Doctor had taken up his old quarters at Baker Street. The matter is one of the highest importance and cannot be allowed to remain where it is. May I suggest that some light might be thrown on the matter if we could find out the exact date at which Watson bought his practice in the Paddington district? To quote Mr. Roberts once more:—

There a certain Mr. Farquhar had built up an excellent general practice which had, at its best, brought in the substantial income of £1,200 a year. But Mr. Farquhar had been overtaken not only by old age but by a species of St. Vitus's dance. Now the public, as Watson shrewdly observes, "looks askance at the curative powers of the man whose own case is beyond the reach of his drugs," and in consequence the practice had declined to about one quarter of its range and value. Here was Watson's opportunity. Confident in his own energy and ability, he bought the practice, with a determination to restore it to its previously flourishing condition.

But with whose money did he buy it? Admittedly, the declining practice of a medical man who has been overtaken by St. Vitus's dance is not an expensive one to buy. But it costs some money, and Mr. Roberts uses the words: "He bought the practice." Yet it is difficult to see how Watson with his taste

for gambling—half his wound-pension, he once confessed to Holmes, was spent on racing!—could in six years have saved enough money out of his eleven-and-sixpence a day pension to buy even Dr. Farquhar's practice. Watson, we know, had no kith or kin in England, and it seems to me that only two speculations are possible. Either he spent 1884 and 1885, years barren of data, gambling and winning at Continental casinos, or he may have borrowed some money from Miss Morstan, though against this, of course, there is his own statement that so long as he believed Miss Morstan to be a rich heiress his delicate sense of honour had prevented him from declaring his passion. But to marry a rich woman for her money and to ask one who is comfortably off—for Miss Morstan was obviously thrifty—to put her savings into the common stock are two very different things. I suggest this point to Mr. Roberts against the time when he shall proceed beyond the Prolegomena to the Book itself.

The year of "The Speckled Band" was 1883, a fact which the makers of the present film at the Marble Arch Pavilion seem

to have entirely overlooked since they have devised a setting more appropriate to one of those over-lengthy and over-complicated modern American crime-novels. Half the charm of the Sherlock Holmes stories is in their setting—in that stuffy, circumscribed apartment in Baker Street with the cosy fire and Mrs. Hudson and the Buttons inside, and the fog and the hansoms outside. Here it was that Holmes wrote that "Practical Handbook of Bee Culture, with Some Observations upon the Segregation of the Queen," and that monograph, "Upon the Polyphonic Motets of Lassus." Here it was that Holmes injected cocaine into that thin, spare arm, and on his violin reproduced something which Ysaye had played the previous Sunday at the Queen's Hall. But the makers of our present film will have nothing of this. Instead, they give Holmes a magnificent suite with glass flowers and modern art-furniture, typists and secretaries, dictaphones and card-indexes, and wonderful mechanical devices having to do with sliding walls. The whole is an incredible vulgarization, rather like filming Dickens's "Curiosity Shop" and presenting you with a picture of some fashionable lair in South Molton Street. As a picturization of Conan Doyle's story, in so far as it relates to Holmes, this film does not exist. Mr. Raymond Massey gives a very charming and delightful picture of a jolly young Canadian who is continents away from the only Holmes that any middle-aged person who remembers the stories ever wants to see—the Holmes that Sidney Paget drew. Criticism should be constructive, and I therefore suggest that next time Sherlock

Holmes is filmed the casting director should bethink himself of that young English actor who is so remarkably like the man he wants—I mean Mr. Robert Holmes. Mr. Massey's performance is delightful, but he is no more Sherlock Holmes than I am Little Red Riding Hood. Mr. Athole Stuart's Dr. Watson is, on the other hand, the very thing. Only a clever actor could have reproduced so perfectly and so self-sacrificingly the portentous owliness of this dear but impercipient fellow. It is years since I read the story, but I seem to remember a passage which went something like this:

"Did you observe the bell-rope, Watson?"

"No."

"Or that it was fastened to a hook and didn't ring?"

"No."

"Did you observe the ventilator?"

"No."

"Or that it didn't ventilate?"

"My dear Holmes, I begin to grasp your drift and to apprehend that we are upon the track of a ghastly crime."

If something like the foregoing is in the story, good! If not, then Mr. Stuart's acting is good enough to have made me think it is. He and Mr. Lyn Harding, who plays Dr. Rylott, make the film distinguishable from an ordinary American thriller.



IN "77, PARK LANE": MISS BETTY STOCKFELD AND MR. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY

A tri-lingual talkie version of the play, which had a good success in the West End, has just been completed by the Famous Players Guild—a bit of a novelty in talking pictures. Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry's most recent stage appearances have been in "Traffic" and "The House of Danger," both at the Lyceum

From Point-to-Point

Fixtures in Various Localities



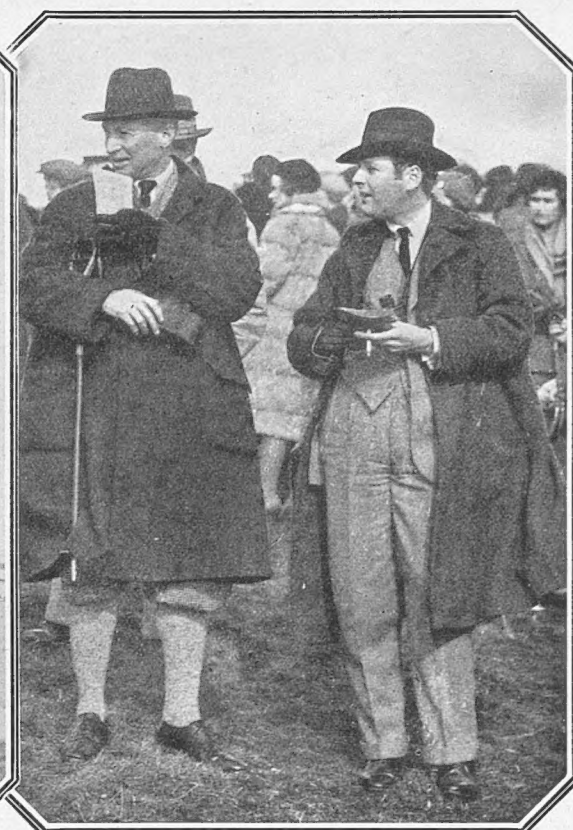
AT THE GARTH POINT-TO-POINT

Miss Welby getting some first-hand information from Captain Whittaker and Captain Agnew at the Garth Hunt races held at Arborfield in first-rate weather. Lieut.-Col. Barker of Stanlake has resigned the Mastership of the Garth after having them for three seasons



LORD DOWNSHIRE AND HIS STEP-MOTHER, LADY DOWNSHIRE

As one of the stewards at the Garth Point-to-Point Lord Downshire was privileged to use their private stand, a farm wagon. The snapshot of Lord Middleton and Lord Feversham was taken at Whitwell. Lord Feversham joined Major Gordon Foster in the Mastership of the Sinnington last season



AT THE MIDDLETON POINT-TO-POINT: LORD MIDDLETON AND LORD FEVERSHAM, M.F.H.



MISS ANN THROCKMORTON AND SIR WILLIAM JAFFRAY AT THE NORTH WARWICKSHIRE POINT-TO-POINT



MRS. DUGDALE AND COLONEL AND MRS. WHEATLEY

Both these pictures were taken at the North Warwickshire Point-to-Point held at Banner Hill near Kenilworth. The course was a stiff one, and in spite of the fact that the meeting clashed with the Pytchley Hunt races entries were good. Colonel Charles Wheatley, who commands the Warwickshire Yeomanry, was judging. Miss Ann Throckmorton, Sir Robert Throckmorton's sister, was one of the nine starters in the Ladies' Race, this being her first experience of race riding. Sir William Jaffray and Mrs. Dugdale, who is Lord Coventry's cousin, are both members of the North Warwickshire Hunt

RACING RAGOUT : "GUARDRAIL" By

Nothing could have been kinder than the weather for the soldiers' meeting at Sandown and, given this, there are few more enjoyable days in the year. The enclosures are not too crowded, one can get a really good lunch and, with a cigar the size of an umbrella thrown in, one can watch one's friends doing the dangerous without a qualm provided the men with the satchels haven't been too strong a lure. Since last season the whole of the paddock arrangements have been altered. A new weighing-room and large Totalizator building have been erected, including

an office for the new Tote Investors' Company which, as I mentioned last week, has been formed for the purpose of providing betting facilities on credit with the Tote. The names of Sir Lawrence Phillips and Sir Humphrey de Trafford on the board are a guarantee of its straight-forwardness, integrity, and the soundness of its backing, but knowing what one does of the frailty of human nature on a racecourse the path of the company reads to be paved with rather more thorns than roses. The emigrant who starts for Australia to-morrow is a Columbus of an early settler compared to a large majority of race-goers who settle when they like, when they can or, in a minority of cases, not at all. Any losses from this cause are not merely "paper" losses but deficiencies in hard cash paid out by the company to the Tote. This, however (unless you have shares in the company), doesn't concern you and me. What seems to be the insuperable difficulty is the problem of getting late S.P. money back to the course, for the company can give no guarantee that you are "on." The rules say that all calculations are made by chartered accountants and can be inspected, and telegrams and letters will of course, be stamped on receipt by a time clock, but as it at present stands the method must be unsatisfactory.

Imagine trying to convince A, who has wired £25 for a winner returned at 100 to 1, that owing to delay in transmission he was only "on" £2, and that as six other people also had £2 on the same horse he will only get odds of perhaps 8 to 1. I should want my "minder" with me while I did it, and should expect and probably get a storm of low abuse verging on the recriminations of two old English gentlemen contesting a by-election.

The Gold Cup was won by Captain Moseley after a great race home with Desert Chief, who should have won but for climbing over his fences on the far side of the course. No one could, however, grudge the race to the winner, who took a chance and bought two horses when he came on leave. He rode an admirable race and has had the turn of luck he deserved. Everyone was expressing sympathy on Jack Anthony's



BRITISH HOSPITALS TO BENEFIT AT LAST!

The above is a picture of the pretty club-house, in Funchal, owned by the British Country Club in Madeira, which is running a sweep on the Derby of 1931, out of the moneys subscribed, for which the club will give nine per cent. to British hospitals and one per cent. to Madeira charitable institutions. The drawer of the ticket on the winner will get about £50,000, the second £20,000, the third £10,000, and the fourth £5,000, and there are various subsidiary prizes. Tickets, which are obtainable only through members, are £1 each

Cup, generally one of the best and most thrilling races of the year, produced no Trespasser, being won by Residue for Mr. Ben Warner, one of the greatest powers in the jumping world.

Stung by the taunt of being asked if he was used to lead work for the firm's hearse drivers, my hired car got back from the course

to the club in thirty minutes, where an unhappy couple were sitting. One was counting the dread minutes till he could see how he figured in several columns of slush in the Sunday papers next day, while the other was bemoaning that not only had he to go to Lincoln as he had a runner, but that the lady who always provided him with evidence in his divorces had got married. Lincoln was, however, for once quite a pleasant fixture and the first selling, as so many more will undoubtedly be, was won by Victor Smyth, who has got his horses ready early. Newmarket horses are on the whole backward this year, with the exception of R. J. Collings' and Basil Jarvis's. Walter Griggs has some forward two-year-olds, but one Berkshire trainer expected, he told me, to win only four races with his six runners at Lincoln, a sign of incredible pessimism with him, probably due to the winter stoppage of work or possibly one too few apéritifs.

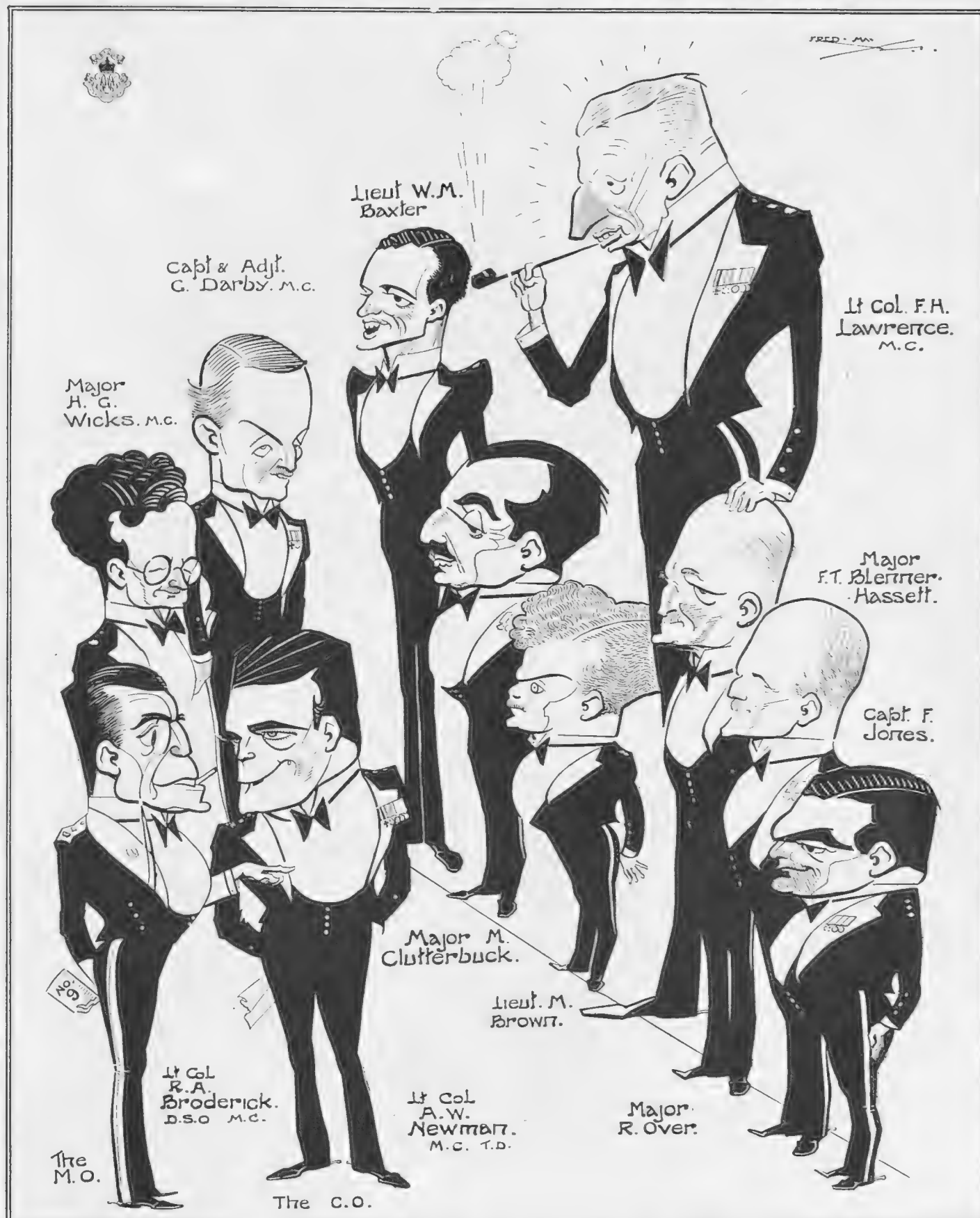
By the time this appears the Lincoln and National will have been decided and the Dublin Sweep will have enriched a few lucky people, not excluding the head of one of our largest book-making concerns. It is odd how seldom one hears again of the people who in this way become rich in a night; but as most of them publish statements that they intend to buy themselves a new push bike and go on sweeping out railway carriages at fifty bob a week, it is not to be wondered at if they carry out their intentions. There are, however, two gentlemen now racing who have won big prizes in sweeps and lotteries. One has a good grey steeplechase horse which has been unlucky with leg trouble, while the other has a good chestnut horse on the flat, a certain winner in the near future. When one comes to consider it, one's chance in a sweepstake of this magnitude is about the same as picking a black pea out of a truck-load of green peas in the dark—but IF!!!



AT THE GRAND MILITARY: LORD OSSORY AND LADY MARY STRICKLAND

The Grand Military Meeting was a big success, especially where the Gold Cup itself was concerned, on account of Captain Moseley's sporting win on Slieve Grein. Lord Ossory is a Major in the Lifeguards (Res.) and Lady Mary Strickland is a daughter of the Earl of Wemyss

THE 68th BRIGADE R.A. DINNER



THE C.O. AND SOME OF HIS OFFICERS—BY FRED MAY

The annual mess dinner was held at the head-quarters of the 68th Field Brigade Royal Artillery at Stoney Lane, Birmingham. The Brigade, which is commanded by Lieut.-Colonel A. W. Newman, M.C., T.D., proved its efficiency during the last annual training by winning the highest honour for territorial artillery in the British Isles, namely the King's Cup. The winning battery of the Brigade, the 271st Field Battery, has been commanded by Lieut.-Colonel F. H. Lawrence, M.C., for over eight years. The 270th Field Battery, the only other battery of the Brigade which entered the King's Cup competition, was placed second in the preliminary contest at Okehampton, Devon, and is commanded by Major F. T. Blennerhasset, R.A. Captain Darby, M.C., is the Adjutant, and to him the Brigade owes a great deal of its present efficiency. Most of the above officers saw service during the Great War with the Brigade, which, as an Army Brigade, took part in most of the principal battles on the Western Front.



MR. AND MRS. L. G. OWEN

A son and heir was born to Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Owen on March 14. Mr. Owen, who was a Soccer Blue, is now in the Public Works Department in Rangoon. Mrs. Owen was Miss Violet Chamberlain, is an ex-International hockey captain, and skipped the team which went to Canada in 1929. She was also a lawn tennis International.

tastic unless you know something of the steps which a designing mother took to ensure her daughter's triumph and this same daughter's genius in making her position almost unassailable until fate thrust her from her throne. Hers was not only the success of great beauty, great charm; it was the victory of a woman endowed with brains, wit, and an extraordinary insight into human strength as well as into human weakness. Nor did she ever lose her own individuality, her own "soul," even amid the splendour of her court. She made the long years of her retirement as fruitful of vital living as they had been when she was the great power behind the throne in France. In the "Life of the Empress Eugénie" (Benn. 21s.), Mr. Robert Sencourt has re-told the story, compiling it from facts already well known as well as from papers in the possession of the Duke of Alba and from others discovered in the archives in Paris, Madrid, Rome, and London, all hitherto unpublished. From his pages there emerges no mere legendary figure, but the portrait of a real woman—a woman as fascinating to us who merely read as she must have been fascinating to those who knew her in real life. How brilliantly, too, has he related this life! First of all, he builds up a picture of the Empress's childhood, a childhood dominated by the shrewd, powerful, somewhat unscrupulous character of her mother, the Countess of Montijo. We watch the cleverness of the mother and daughter to entrap the Emperor into marriage, and not merely into that equivocal association which it was the Emperor's first inclination to accomplish. Yet, so it would seem, the Empress loved her husband—loved him as much as any woman so devoid of sensuality could love a man. His infidelities infuriated her at times, and yet she seemed to see beyond them to the fact that the Emperor was by nature a kindly, well-meaning, even though an indubitably weak man. But her real life lay outside him, almost, so to speak, outside her home. The French Court under her influence became one of unimaginable magnificence. And yet, beneath that magnificence, there lay a definite purpose—the strengthening of France among the nations of the world, "intrigued" for by the Empress herself. All the same, Mr. Sencourt declares that the Franco-German War was by no means a war inspired by the Empress's ambition. Had she had her way the war might never have occurred. Her mistaken policy over the Mexican Question, and the fatal move which placed the unfortunate Maximilian on the throne out there, undoubtedly prejudiced France against her when later events began to go against

The "Last of the Fairy Stories."

It was Mrs. Edith Wharton who, in speaking of the life-story of the Empress Eugénie, called it "the last of the fairy tales." And she was right. Her life sounds very like a fairy story, though the Emperor Napoleon, her husband, was by no means a fairy prince. But the history of the rise of this clever and beautiful Spanish girl who became Empress of the French, and for some years actual Regent, does sound well-nigh fan-

that country. The French are fair-weather friends. When love is to their advantage they love dramatically. In adversity, they blame, and if possible put to death. Hit their pockets and you hit their "souls." At the moment of France's supreme trial the weakness of the Emperor created the down-fall of the monarchy. Only the Empress held firm to a decided and valiant policy. Success would have made the monarchy secure for generations. On the other hand failure created panic. On the wave of that panic the Empress, much against her will, was forced to flee. The story of her flight has never been told more dramatically than it is told in this book. And yet, although for nearly forty years the Empress was forced to live in what was to her a foreign land, she never once sank into oblivion. Her life in England, shadowed so tragically by the death of the Prince Imperial, was nevertheless one of real dignity, real usefulness; she still remained a "power" behind events even in comparative obscurity. She was a woman who could create devotion in both men and women. She had the brains of a man, yet she had a woman's wit, a woman's charm, a woman's understanding of sorrow and weakness and pain. It is impossible to read this "Life of the Empress Eugénie" unmoved. It is a tremendously vivid record of a tremendously vital woman—a woman who never once lost her courage, who never once became the nonentity which so many monarchs in exile achieve without trouble. As history the book is fascinating to a degree. As the character study of an extraordinary and brilliantly clever woman it is absolutely absorbing.

The Fairyland of India.

Granted that Mr. Lowell Thomas's new book, "India—Land of the Black Pagoda" (Hutchinson. 18s.), is "best journalese," it does lay bare many important issues, many acute problems, which are otherwise too often found only in serious political books, infinitely dull to read. The addition of the Black Pagoda into the title displays, for example, a journalist's knowledge into the interested curiosity of the average reader for whom otherwise India is merely a rich and picturesque country whence soldiers return with a "liver" and their wives with an acute "caste" complex. For the Black Pagoda, although of triumphant interest and beauty, is not as a rule visited by travellers unless unaccompanied by their female kind. It is the glorious relic of strange rites, and these rites are carved in profusion upon its surface. The book, however, is for the most part a detailed account of a journey the writer took to reach this strange monument of the past. He describes this journey in the way only a first-class journalist can describe it. He manages to make the actual seem real even to those who merely read, and this, when it is a question of India and Indian customs, is no easy task.



AT NICE: SIR WALTER LAWRENCE AND MISS GIPSY LAWRENCE

Miss Gipsy Lawrence is one of the prettiest and most popular girls on the Riviera this season. Her father is the Governing Director of Walter Lawrence and Son, Ltd., the big building contractors

(Cont. on p. 12)

A RATHER MIXED GRILL

By George Belcher



First Lady: I feels pretty well done, Mrs. Green

Second Lady: I don't wonder at it, Mrs. Smith, you cookin' over a gas stove all day!

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

India's immense population, her immense past, the immense variety of castes and customs, so that she seems almost a thousand different countries rolled into one, is a great undertaking if a traveller would seek to achieve some kind of ultimate cohesion. This book is a graphic account of a strange and utterly mysterious country. The more one reads about India the less one envies statesmen and politicians who seek either to govern or control its heterogeneous masses. What, for example, can be done by any governing body of men brought up on Western ideas with the Thugs—those thousands of natives spread all over India whose religion is the religion of crime, whose expiation for sin—chiefly the sin of being found out—is straightway to go out to commit other and greater moral or legal offences? "The Thugs worshipped Kali, goddess of blood, even as modern criminals do; and they killed for pleasure, the prototypes of those who to-day steal for the sheer joy of it. Life was coming to a standstill when the British intervened and exterminated the robber bands that were making travel a terror throughout Hindustan. But although they could subdue the Thugs they could not abolish the criminal caste. The reformation of a whole race of men is an almost super-human task. "But," adds Mr. Thomas, "it no doubt will be accomplished 'in God's good time,' if the British remain in India." Ah! but that is the problem! Not, alas! the only vital problem touched upon in this book when it deals with British influence and Indian reactionaries. The book, however, is primarily a volume of travel. Nor does it, happily, deal only with what I will call the more "well-worn sights." We are given vivid accounts of the Jewish colony; of the shrine of the fish-eyed goddess Minakshi, and the strange rites associated with the festival commemorating her marriage with the great god Siva; of Mrs. Annie Besant in the intimacy of her daily life; of the Caves of Ajanta; of the well-jumpers of Delhi; of Benares. With these accounts go old legends and stories—stories of massacre, passion, and of a religion which Mr. Thomas truthfully describes as being 100 deg. Fah.; of the men who inflict upon themselves indescribable tortures in order to propitiate their gods and to achieve bliss in the Hereafter; of the unexplained mystery of the psychic power possessed by some fanatics whereby dead animals are brought to life and the "impossible" appears for the moment to be as true as fact. Lastly, we come to the Black Pagoda—one of the strangest of all the relics of ancient India. And yet, were it possible for me to be transplanted to any of the miraculously beautiful places described in the book, I think I would choose to see the floating gardens of the great lake, Dal. Truly India must be one of the most fascinating countries in the whole world, wherever you may travel in it. This interesting and beautifully illustrated book makes the realization of this the more convincing. Those who know India well should revel in it, though it is curious to observe how many a one-time Indian resident always seems to treat India as a political argument rather than a glimpse of mystery and fairy-land; while those who have never been there and, perhaps, never will do so, alas! should nevertheless find in the book as good a "fictitious journey" as they are likely to take among most recent travel books on India.



First Small Boy: Look, 'Erbert, he's lookin' for 'em with a light!

A Not Very Convincing Story of the Stage.

The first time that I read a novel in which the beautiful heroine goes on the stage, and this same beautiful girl does not achieve a triumph on her first night in a leading part, and this too always without much previous experience, I shall take off my hat, metaphorically speaking, to the writer. Reading Miss Nina Oldfield's story, "Man! Where Am I?" (Jenkins. 7s. 6d.), my hat still remains on my head, however! It contains all the usual romantic "blather." Nor is the theatrical background very convincing, although the authoress is apparently on the stage, and Dame Madge Kendal has given the book her "blessing." Daphne triumphed with the usual ease of a heroine. Left penniless, she immediately became a successful mannequin, but later on embarked on a stage career. Of course she had the "decency," even as a heroine, to start only with a small two-line part. Yet, if only the leading lady had known that there was a "heroine" in the company, she would have acted "dying" rather than give up her part for a single performance. But she didn't know this, and so, without any experience, Daphne stepped into her shoes one night when she was ill. The result was a foregone conclusion. The unknown actress made a shattering "hit." Thereafter Daphne triumphs all over the world. Nevertheless, she had at last to come home hurriedly because a jealous young woman was separating her from David, the man Daphne loved. But Daphne got him in the end. And that's the story. It is the kind of story which any budding young actress might dream of for herself until she woke up to find that no manager was taking the least notice of her. I have dreamed that kind of fairy-tale for myself many a time. But the waking up has not been a bit like the dream. It seldom is. Which,

perhaps, is why novels like this are so pleasantly comfortable to read.

A Pick-up Volume.

"Afterthoughts" (Constable. 3s. 6d.), by Logan Pearsall Smith, is a series of isolated thoughts on such subjects as life, age, death, art, letters, and myself. Some of them are wise and witty, some seem almost trivial. Here are some samples: "How furious it makes people to tell them of the things which belong to their peace." "There is more felicity on the far side of baldness than young men can possibly imagine." "I cannot forgive my friends for dying." "I do not find these vanishing acts of theirs at all amusing." "One can be bored until boredom becomes the most sublime of all emotions." And so on. Probably you may like it. It struck me, however, as being a little book which wanted to reveal much cleverness yet just missed it except on rare occasions.

UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND

"SOUL'S DARK COTTAGE" (6s.)

BY RICHARD KING

Order Now

Hodder and Stoughton.

AT HOME AND ABROAD



THE ETON RUGGER XV: The names, left to right, are: At back—A. J. F. Howey, R. G. Row, M. J. Morris, the Earl of Hopetoun, B. A. Johnston, and J. O. J. Stevens; seated—H. G. Keigwin, J. C. Atkinson-Clark, K. M. Payne (Captain), C. H. Villiers, and P. C. Blundell; on ground—J. L. Mayhew, K. N. Fisher, W. L. Consett, and J. C. R. Glyn



IN CAPE TOWN: LADY JOAN VILLIERS AND CAPTAIN COLVILLE, A.D.C.



On right: Mlle. ALICE NIKITINA



OFF TO CANADA: THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF BESSBOROUGH

Eton, whose Rugger team is seen above, have, like Harrow, begun to learn the game only quite comparatively recently, and neither of them has yet arrived at the same standard as the older Rugger schools, who have been brought up on it, so to speak. That piece of swansdown and loveliness, Nikitina, was caught by the camera at the tennis club of Cannes, where she is "on leave" at the moment. Lady Joan Villiers, the daughter of H.E. the Earl of Clarendon, Governor-General of South Africa in succession to the Earl of Athlone, was competing in the riding and jumping contest at the Rosebank Agricultural Show, Cape Town. The pony's name is "Cherry Cocktail," and Captain Colville, who is holding him, is on Lord Clarendon's staff. H.E. the Earl of Bessborough and the Countess of Bessborough were photographed just before leaving England for Canada last week (March 27). Lord Bessborough is Governor-General in succession to Lord Willingdon, who has been appointed to that much hotter place—India



AT HESTON: FLIGHT-LIEUT. CHRIS. CLARKSON AND MR. NIGEL NORMAN

Flight-Lieut. Clarkson is in charge of Selfridge's Aviation Department, and Mr. Norman is one of the proprietors of Heston, the most strikingly successful civil aerodrome in England

air. At that time there is often too much confidence, and there is no drug more potent or more dangerous to the aeroplane pilot; over confidence kills more people than cocaine; it out-Herods heroin. It is the flying instructor's task to neutralize its effects by example and advice. The instructors in the flying schools in this country do their work well, and have given our aeronautical schools a high reputation throughout the world. Most of our ordinary kinds of schools, on the other hand, are less highly esteemed. They are inclined to substitute traditional taboos for rational views; they are the factories of canned convictions and tinned thought; cultural Chicagos, places where the opinions of people who have no right to any opinions at all, are impressed upon the young. They are the mental sterilizers of to-day, and they produce nice, clean, aseptic automata. These are the schools to which we creep unwillingly like snails, but to flying schools we drive in fast motor-cars. They are stimulants of the right kind, and they invest the word school with new and more attractive meaning.

At Heston is the most noted and the most notable of our flying schools. It bears the imprint of Captain Baker's personality as do many of the pupils who learn to fly there. At present Heston is the most expensive of the purely civilian schools, but it is equipped and run regardless of cost. The aircraft are the best that can be procured, the aerodrome is as good as any, the instructors are selected with great care, and the training is done with no other object in view than the pupil's satisfactory progress. As Captain Baker is the dominating personality of the instructional side of Heston, so Captain Davis is the dominating personality of the instructional side of Brooklands. The Brooklands School of Flying has an atmosphere of its own; perhaps it may be due in some measure to the influence of the traditions of the track. There is no bureaucratic balderdash

AIR EDDIES : *By* OLIVER STEWART

Schools and Schools.

Two stages can be distinguished in teaching a person to fly: the first, when confidence must be instilled into him, and the second, when confidence must be knocked out of him. It is a truism that the most dangerous period of a pilot's career comes after he has done about 150 or 200 hours solo in the

about Brooklands; it is the place where actual flying work in the air takes first place and where the training is done without fuss and with efficiency. To these two, Captain Davis and Captain Baker, we owe a great deal, for they have set up the highest standards in flying instruction that it is possible to attain. Other schools also have done well, though I am not personally so well acquainted with their work. There is Phillips and Powis of Reading, and, if reserve training schools are included, there are the De Havilland place at Hatfield and the schools at Bristol, Coventry, and Brough.

And another school, on more elaborate lines than any of those now in existence, is to be started at Hamble with the name Air Service Training, Ltd. Sir John Higgins is the leading spirit in this new organization, with Group-Captain Barton as school "commandant." The courses of instruction are very complete, but they are also very expensive—more expensive than at Heston. They are designed to prepare pilots for professional flying either in air forces or on commercial air lines, and they include blind and night flying, sea-plane flying, and instruction



SPRING ACTIVITIES AT HESTON

Aerofilms, Ltd.

A picture taken last week of some keen fliers at this very up-to-date aerodrome. In the 'plane, Mr. Gerard D'Erlanger, and, standing, Mrs. D'Erlanger, Lord Portarlington, and a lady whose name was not given

in both single-seater and two-seater types of Service aircraft. The rates for solo flying vary between £6 and £18 an hour. Personally, I am not in favour of the "G.S." ultra-Service R.A.F. atmosphere which pervades the prospectus and is evidently intended to pervade the new school; but it may help to bring in officers from foreign air services, for whom the

courses will be well suited. Whether there is much other scope for the school remains to be seen. Imperial Airways employ fewer than thirty pilots, and the other openings for pilots in commercial aviation, however well they have been trained, are still few and are mostly taken by short-service officers of the R.A.F.

(Cont. on p. xvi)



AT THE SOUTHERN AERO CLUB, SHOREHAM

A group snapped at the aerodrome showing the hangars, some of the club's machines, and a group of members. The names in the group, left to right, are: Mr. C. L. Pashley (instructor), Miss N. B. Birkett (Secretary Southern Aero Club), Mr. F. G. Miles (Managing-director of Southern Aircraft, Ltd.), Lady Ratendone, Lord Ratendone, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Plant



Yevonde, Victoria Street

**THE HON. MRS. RICHARD BETHELL AND
HER DAUGHTER NEFERTARI (also Inset)**

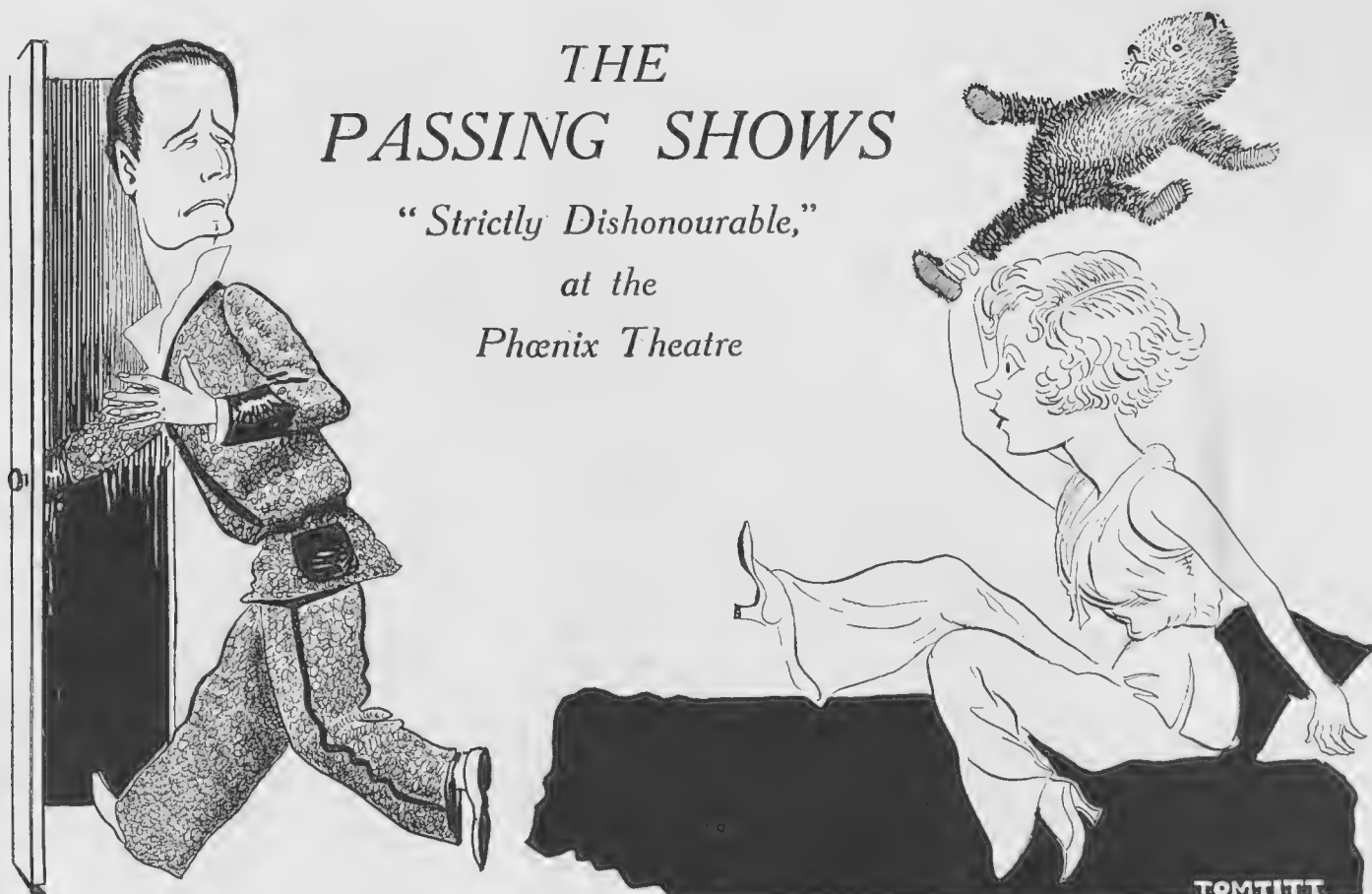
Captain the Hon. Richard Bethell died in 1929, and his son, who was then Richard Bethell, is now Lord Westbury, as the late Lord Westbury died in 1930. The present peer is only seventeen, and his only sister, the charming little girl seen in these pictures, is fourteen. There is another son of the late Captain Richard Bethell, David, who was born in 1922. The Hon. Mrs. Bethell is a daughter of the late Colonel George Morland Hutton, C.B., of Gate Burton Hall, Lincoln

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Strictly Dishonourable,"

at the

Phoenix Theatre



SAFETY LAST: A DAMSEL IN DISGUST

The Operatic Count (Mr. Tullio Carminati) beats a highly moral and chivalrous retreat from his own bed-chamber, leaving the Miss from Mississippi (Miss Margaret Perry) in possession of her virtue and—cold comfort!—an outsize in teddy bears

A LITTLE digging into the archives would produce quite a family of plays envisaging the virginal aspect of seduction. There is nothing new about the set of circumstances connoted by the bachelor flat, the indiscreet *ingénue*, and the divan bed. Undressing, with the ensuing revelation of frills and the female form divine, is a familiar theatrical gambit from which a veneer of glamour has been removed by custom, not to mention the advertisement columns of the Press. About seventy years ago this bedroom business would have split the Victorian consciousness on the twin rocks of curiosity and disgust. Those were the days when the amorous male heart, one is assured, beat an unruly tattoo at the glimpse of half an ankle.

To-day the feminine wardrobe is a known quantity. The *ingénue* (if there are any left outside the studio-sets of Hollywood) in her undies is a boyish, bobbed, curveless creation exciting no wonderment. You meet her in the drapers' catalogues in various stages of archness. On the stage her mission is to be what Miss Arnaud would call "a leetle shockeeing." When she wriggles out of her shoulder straps and lets fall some exquisite fragment of pink crêpe de chine, the oohs and ahs of the gallery girls rise heavenwards in a cloud of witness to the agonies of anticipation. But I fancy that these exuberant symptoms have something to do with that sense of security which a vigilant Censor inspires. In the matter of bedroom scenes we are poles apart from the Gallic mentality. Blood runs cooler and words are less pliant this side of the Channel. Neither are we so sex-conscious, I think, as the Americans. Our idea of the "It" business as a commercial proposition is still, by comparison, a one-horse affair.

Strictly Dishonourable ran for more than 550 performances in New York. That suggests that the American playgoer gets more kick out of cami-knickers and baby-innocence striving to go

wrong than we do. Mr. Preston Sturges's comedy is pleasant and amusing to a welcome degree, but beyond providing us with a close-up of an Italian speak-easy, and an *ingénue* of singular charm, it does little more than tell the cock-eyed world that virginity is the mother of convention.

At midnight Tomaso Antiovi's establishment on West 49th Street appeared to be doing poorly. Until Isabelle from Mississippi happened along, escorted by her priggish Henry, who was more of a fiasco than a fiancé, Tomaso's only customer was the good-natured, indeterminate Judge Dempsey who lived over the shop. Henry lectured and bullied Isabelle, drank too much whisky, fell foul of a policeman, and quarrelled with everybody. Little Isabelle, one of eleven, was red-haired and simple as a daisy. She flamed her youth and innocence abroad like a bright poppy in a sunny cornfield. Henry was wise, and she was just a simpleton from the South, but when she said she just couldn't live in West Orange, New Jersey, she meant something. In the South it was all friendly and "pleased to meet you." In Henry's fruity suburb people were snobs and stand-offish.

The Count, who also lodged over the bar-parlour, came home then and informed Isabelle that he was, in public life, the famous operatic tenor whom she and everybody else so fervently admired. They danced together to a gramophone, the hardened lady-killer scenting another conquest and the artless victim mesmerized into palpable surrender. Henry, having abandoned his intended to the lion, urged on by the American equivalent for truncheon, arose the question of where the sucking dove should roost. The Count's apartment seemed to Isabelle the quickest way to Heaven, and thither (Act 2) she went, pursued by the warning Judge. Nice little flies, he insisted, didn't walk quite so blatantly into the boudoirs of promiscuous spiders. Isabelle didn't yet know about the drawers containing various sizes of silk



HARD-BOILED HENRY

From West Orange, New Jersey. Henry (Mr. George Meeker) loses his sobriety, his temper, and his girl in quick succession

stockings, and the thoughtfulness which prompted the Count to lay in a supply of slippers and pyjamas—"in case a friend missed his train and had to stay the night." But she had found a hairpin on the floor and was not deaf to the persistent telephoning of an invisible charmer. Nevertheless she was in love, cataclysmically, for the first time, and she knew what she was doing. Had she not five married sisters? "Suppose you have a baby?" said the Judge. "And suppose I don't?" retorted Isabelle. Whereupon the law retired defeated, promising to adopt the said baby if and when, etc.

Personally I didn't believe in Isabelle's efforts to be a "here-take-it" girl any more than I believed in the Judge or the Count. Why this detailed precipitation? Is this the way in which sweet simplicity, in love for the first time, behaves? Do the Isabelles of Mississippi or anywhere else put the sequel before the prelude so deliberately? This lily of the cottonfield had hardly been soundly kissed before she was discussing maternity. The child-like faith with which our *ingénue* approached adventure implied no compliment to her married sisters.

Isabelle's disrobing recalled that final scene in *The Constant Nymph* when Tessa's surrender to Lewis Dodd seemed like a white flower laid on some dusty altar. The Count, faced by this vision of sheerest purity, abandoned the quest and became chivalrously non-combatant. He picked Isabelle up like the naughty child she was and popped her into bed. When she went off into a tantrum and kicked her legs in a fury of mortification he offered her an enormous teddy bear. And so he left her, scorned and tearful, while he climbed the stairs to find a haven from temptation in the Judge's room.

So far the author has had a certain amount to say and said it with point and freshness. His last act, however, leaves him, as it is bound to do, high and dry. In the morning the Judge reappears with a ticket for Mississippi, and the Count prevails upon us to believe that he is in love for the first time. By the time a cable from his widowed mother in Italy blessing his bride is to hand Henry bobs up again to apologize and be forgiven. But just when the affair should be over Isabelle stages a last-minute come-back and falls into the Count's arms.

Mr. Lee Baker played the Judge with as much precision as he could add to a resourceful fund of dry humour. The Count began and ended as a glamorous figure of the movies



LIMBS OF THE LAW: A CALL TO THE BAR

Judge Dempsey (Mr. Lee Baker) has his apartment over the "speak-easy"—a most convenient arrangement. Patrolman Mulligan (Mr. Edward J. McNamara) is an amenable patriot if taken the right way. "Mulligan," says the Judge, "never drinks on duty." "It seems like never," is the cop's answer.



ITALIAN AS SHE IS GESTICULATED

Tomaso Antiovi (Mr. William Ricciardi), proprietor of the "speak-easy" and groom of the chambers to the amorous Count, is as volatile as Vesuvius. When Tomaso, his look-out man (Mr. J. W. Gilchrist), and Mario, the waiter (Mr. Marius Rogati), get together, the term, "speak-easy," takes on another meaning

or the magazines. Mr. Tullio Carminati put upon him a natural polish and an easy grace, the whole performance being competently and tactfully modulated. How near Tomaso's characteristics as ex-family retainer, proprietor of a speak-easy, and condoner of his lodger's peccadilloes resemble the outskirts of actuality is a matter of local knowledge. Mr. William Ricciardi, even in occasional moments of inaudibility accentuated by torrential outbursts in his native tongue, made him a very volatile and entertaining figure of comedy. Mr. George Meeker, resisting the slightest temptation to make Henry anything but a hundred-per-cent cad, prig, and boor, achieved the author's purpose with commendable zeal. In the admirably characterized part of an Irish patrolman, Mr. Edward J. McNamara revealed, with the minimum of effort and the maximum of effect, a comic personality of irresistible persuasion. Miss Margaret Perry is surely one of the most adorable young persons who ever exploited an American accent. As a rule the stage *ingénue* leaves me prickly with irritation. Miss Perry has a freshness, an appealing air of youth, a sincerity, and a grip on the technique of her job which point the way to great achievements. There is an air about this play, in the writing and the playing, which makes out "the general feel" to be a good deal above the level to which the theme aspires when the Count, asked by Isabelle to state his intentions, brings down the first act curtain with the time-honoured words of the title. A pleasant evening with never a blush. "TRINCULO."

IN THE GREEN ISLE



AT THE IRISH KENNEL CLUB SHOW:
MRS. RAYMOND GRACE AND ALSATIANS



MISS JANE LANE AND SOME MORE WINNERS:
WOLFHOUSES AND A POODLE DOG



SIR VALENTINE GRACE AND A WINNING
SETTER AND MRS. ROBSON



THE KILDARE POINT-TO-POINT:
LADY McCALMONT AND MR.
PERCY BLAIR



AND ALSO IN KILDARE: MR. H. PEACOCK
AND LADY HELENA FITZWILLIAM

The Irish Kennel Club Show at Balls Bridge, on St. Patrick's Day, was a big success in every department, the weather included, and three of the pictures on this page show some of the winners. Mrs. Raymond Grace is with two of her father-in-law's (Sir Valentine Grace) winning Alsations, Hester of Aclare and Ritter, and he is below with his Irish setter, Corona Toby (1930 champion), who won the Green Star for the best Irish setter in the Show this year. Mrs. Robson, who is with him, is the editress of "The Dog World." Miss Jane Lane's poodle, is the other picture, has fifty-seven firsts in England to his credit, and won three firsts and the Green Star at this Show. Lady McCalmont, who was at the Kildare Point-to-Point, is the widow of Major-General Sir Hugh McCalmont and the mother of Major Dermot McCalmont, the excellent little Master of the Kilkeny. Lady Helena Fitzwilliam has been hunting in Ireland most of the winter

Photographs by Poole, Dublin

THE GRAND

MILITARY

LADY GRANT-LAWSON AND SIR PETER
GRANT-LAWSONH.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER
AND MRS. GOSLINGMISS DU BOULAY AND MR. AND
MRS. WILLIAMS

CAPTAIN AND MRS. C. N. BROWNHILL



PRINCE AND PRINCESS WIASEMSKY



LORD AND LADY GRIMTHORPE

The Grand Military this year was particularly interesting by reason of the fact that it was won by an officer of the Royal Dragoons, Captain R. B. Moseley, who is home on six months' leave from India and bought Slieve Grein specially to have a ride in this race and in the National, in which he ran last Friday. The horse has jumped Aintree before as he ran second in the Molyneux 'Chase last November to that good horse, Colliery Band. Everyone wished Captain Moseley the best of luck with his "second barrel" in this sporting venture. Captain Moseley also piloted General Advance, who won the Victory Steeplechase on the third day. Sir Peter Grant-Lawson, who is seen above with his mother, rode his own horse, Eastward Bound, in the Grand Military Handicap 'Chase and had also run him in the Grand Military the day before. Captain Brownhill won the Littleworth National Hunt Flat on his own Drintyre, his runner in the Grand National—the Grand Military winner of last year. Lord Grimthorpe, who is an ex-Joint Master of the Middleton, is one of the Committee, which includes Lord Irwin, the retiring Viceroy of India, which is going to hunt the West side of the country rendered vacant by the much-regretted retirement of Colonel Peach Borwick



THE PRINCESS DE FAUCIGNY-LUCINGE

Who is a well-known owner on the French turf and also at some of the meetings in Belgium, is reported by the Paris press to be intending to race in England in the coming flat season

dared to enthuse. Indeed, it was almost as if we were disappointed; for we had so made up our minds that we were going to be perfect little ladies and gentlemen that it was rather an anticlimax that all our good resolutions went for naught. Our German visitors were most courteous; they also were on their best behaviour and all out to show us how friendly and sweet they could be. Paris was over-run that Sunday morning with char-a-bancs conveying the round-eyed, round-cheeked and rosy Teutons to see the sights of the city, and their comments were most flattering. Marvellous organizers, are they not? Hundreds of autocars brought them all the way from Berlin and back, hotel accommodation, stadium seats, and sightseeing included for one hundred marks per head. I wonder if they realized that part of their route lay over the roads that the Marne taxis . . . but this, no doubt, is not what a perfect little lady should remember! I apologize . . . and am dumb.

This reminds me to tell you that a small museum has been opened (38 Boulevard Raspail) that aims to cultivate a love of Peace by illustrating all the horrors of War. There one finds the most horrifying photographs of the Great War; nightmare visions of mutilated soldiers; head wounds that have destroyed all human resemblance . . . One learns that statistics have established the fact that if all the victims of the war were piled one atop the other, there would be built a mound seventy times higher than the Eiffel Tower; if they were placed side by side they would reach from Paris to Bombay! If all the expenses of the war had been distributed in times of peace it would have allowed the State to endow every French family with a nice little villa and garden. All this gives one "furiously to think," but, do you know, Très Cher, I greatly fear that it is the last fact that will appeal most strongly to the average visitor to that gruesome place.

Madame Georgette Leblanc (ex-Maeterlinck) is publishing her *mémoires*, the first edition of which has been completely sold out in advance; you will remember, of course, that for many years she was Maurice Maeterlinck's well-beloved wife, mate—in every sense of the word—and unassuming, but none the less real, collaborator. Ten years or so ago they separated and a little later Maeterlinck married again . . .

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

Très Cher,— I have never seen such an amazed crowd as the one at Colombes on Sunday when the French team beat the Germans. I am not much of a football fan, and I only went to see the match because I was told I ought to go in order to see how politely, for once, we would accept our defeat. It was a foregone conclusion, was not it? that we were going to be badly beaten and it was up to us to take the dose in all proper humility. Instead of which we won and, I repeat, the crowd was so astounded that it hardly

something very young and frail and clinging and helpless and sweet; you know the sort of thing that elderly men fall for, my dear. Georgette Leblanc retired into oblivion for many years, living in solitary tête-à-tête with her broken heart for, though she resigned herself to the separation with great dignity, she did not try to hide the fact that she still adored the great writer and fascinating spouse whose early struggles she shared during the best years of her life. Now the old wounds are healed and hence the *mémoires* in which she recounts their life together and their comradeship as well as her love for him; she does not pose either as a martyr or as having been a *femme incomprise*. Unfortunately, however, it seems that she permitted her editor, M. Bernard Grasset, to write a preface to the book, a preface that she did not see until the edition was printed, and in which M. Grasset is less lenient to Maeterlinck than is his ex-wife, and Madame Leblanc, who does not seem to believe that "sweet are the uses of advertisement," is loyally indignant. This is causing a good deal of ink to flow and any amount of splashing in the literary frog pond.

Another fascinating volume of *mémoires* is "Emile Zola. Raconté par sa Fille." (Ed. Fasquelle.) As the title avers, the book has been written by the great author's own daughter, Mme. Denise Leblond-Zola. His youth at Aix, the first years in Paris, the hard times he went through—for a while he was employed as packer at 60 frs. a month by the Hachette Library—and then his first literary successes form interesting reading. His meeting and love for the beautiful and youthful Jeanne Rozerot—the biographer's mother—is, as one would expect, touchingly told, and full homage is paid by the writer to the generous attitude of Zola's wife towards the woman who was to become the mother of Zola's children. His year's exile in England, where he was forced to retire after writing his famous article, "J'Accuse," during the Dreyfus case, and where he was accompanied by Jeanne Rozerot and his children, is well told, and one feels how, two years later, the dramatic accident of his death came as an unforgettable blow to the writer, who was a twelve-year-old child at the time. —PRISCILLA.



HITTING THE SPOT IN PARIS: SANDRA LUNEVA AND M. PAUL

Two dancers who have caused a sensation in the Argentinian Show now on at the Palace Theatre in Paris. Sandra Luneva is a Russian, and was well known under her real name in Society in pre-revolution days in that peculiar land

UN CONCOURS D'ÉLÉGANCE



MISS ROSIE DOLLY (MRS. MORTIMER DAVIS)

THE BEGUM AGA KHAN

Both these ladies are wearing the lovely costumes which won at the Super Éléance competition de Côte d'Azur recently held in Nice. Mrs. Mortimer Davis, the twin-sister of the equally famous Jeannie Dolly, is in the dress in which she defied all comers at this show at the Hotel Negresco, Nice, and the Begum Aga Khan is in another beautiful creation which is fashioned of "home-made" Bombay silk

Photographs by Angelo

GOOD DAYS

IN IRELAND



SIR E. BELLINGHAM AND THE HON. MRS. MASSY AT THE LOUTH HUNT RACES



ALSO AT THE LOUTH POINT-TO-POINT: MISS PRIMROSE O'BRIEN



LORD AND LADY DUNSANY AT THE MEATH POINT-TO-POINT



MR. P. W. COBBOLD HAS GOOD SPORT AT CAREYSVILLE ON THE BLACKWATER



AT THE TIPPERARY POINT-TO-POINT: LADY DOROTHEA MOORE, MISS NORTH, AND SIR ERNEST GOFF

The Louth Hunt Races, held at Dowth for the first time for twenty years, attracted many notable spectators. Mrs. Massy, who is first-class across a country, is the widow of the Hon. Tristram Massy. Sir Edward Bellingham is a Senator of the Free State. Miss Primrose O'Brien is to be married on April 28 to Captain the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, Lord Airlie's brother. When Lord and Lady Dunsany were photographed they were watching Miss Peggy Morgan-Byrne winning the Ladies' Race on Red Essex at the Meath Point-to-Point. This event was held at Dalystown. Captain Philip Cobbold, who lives at Tattingstone Park, near Ipswich, has lately been busy with a salmon rod on the Duke of Devonshire's water at Careysville, and has killed several good fish. Sir Ernest Goff had a ride at the Tipperary Hunt Races, a well-attended meeting which everyone found most agreeable

Photographs by Poole, Dublin, and O'Brien



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Gloucester



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MAJOR W. P. CANTRELL-HUBBERSTY
CAPTAIN DE PRET

MISS E. PAGET
MR. D. E. JOHNSTONE

MISS MONICA SHERRIFFE
LADY RAVENSDALE

MAJOR J. F. HARRISON
SIR HAROLD NUTTING

A limited number of specially printed and mounted copies of the above picture can be obtained from the publishers.



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familiar figures with all the Leicestershire packs, is subjoined

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MR. AMBROSE CLARKE

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FILM FLASHLIGHTS



ARLINE JUDGE IN "BACHELOR APARTMENT."

The pretty young woman seen in the very spring-like clothes is one of the rising generation, and has been in a number of Radio Productions' pictures, including "Bachelor Apartment." Mr. and Mrs. Claud Allister (Barbara Fisher) are in Hollywood very busy indeed. They are both English, and well known on our own and the Continental stage. Claud Allister, who is also a very good conjuror in his spare moments, has been in fifteen films during the eighteen months he has been in Hollywood, amongst them "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "Three Live Ghosts," "Captain Applejack," which is still being filmed, and many others. He went out to the States in the war play, "Havoc," and also appeared for four years in New York in "The Play's the Thing"—then he discovered that the film is also the thing. "The Written Law" is being directed at Elstree by the author, Mr. Reginald Fogwell. He wrote the novel, and is now doing the film. Both the stars seen in the picture are English. Madeleine Carroll is a Birmingham girl and a Graduate of Birmingham University



MR. AND MRS. CLAUD ALLISTER—AND A FRIEND OF OURS AND THEIRS!



HENRY HEWITT AND MADELEINE CARROLL IN "THE WRITTEN LAW"—A BRITISH FILM

JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS, OR LAST



MRS. WILLIAM LESLIE



THE HON. MRS. EDWARD GREENALL



MRS. C. H. MILLS



LADY EBRINGTON

"To see ourselves" is an experience not vouchsafed to everyone, and it is to be hoped that the ladies of Leicestershire, above depicted, will appreciate these moving pictures. To-day, April 1, is "positively the last appearance" of the Melton packs, the Belvoir being at home to their friends at the Kennels. Mrs. William Leslie, apart from having an excellent leg for a boot, has an admirable eye for a country. Mrs. "Toby" Greenall is one of the point-to-pointing enthusiasts, and owns that good horse, Torchlight Tattoo. Mrs. Charles Mills and Lady Ebrington are first-rate arguments for top-hats and side-saddle

LEPS FOR LEICESTERSHIRE LADIES



MISS JOAN PAGET



LADY WARRENDER



MRS. CRAWFURD



MRS. AMBROSE CLARKE

"Who goes next?" Miss Joan Paget now arrests the eye. She is the only daughter of the late Mr. Edmund Paget, for years Joint Master of the Quorn with Major Burnaby. Turn right for Lady Warrender, who hunts five or even six days a week, weather permitting. Mrs. Crawford is well known with all three Leicestershire packs, her home at Burrough Hill, which overlooks the famous Gartree Hill, being a marvellous centre. Mrs. Ambrose Clarke and her husband come annually to Melton from America on a hunting expedition; this season they and their wonderful stud of horses have been in residence at Staveley Lodge

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A MAN was in the habit of opening his Bible at random every morning and taking the first thing his eye alighted upon as something that would be helpful to him during the day.

One day the first verse he read was, "Judas went out and hanged himself," and not thinking this quite suitable he shut the Book and opened it again. This time his eyes fell on the verse, "Go thou and do likewise."

He tried again, and this time, to his amazement, he read: "What thou doest, do quickly."

An old man was brought before a magistrate on a charge of assault. During the proceedings he was asked if he wanted a lawyer to defend him.

"No, no, your honour," he replied. "I don't want no lawyer; but I certainly would like a couple of good witnesses if you can get 'em."

Mrs. Burly had been to buy some shirts for her spouse. "But why did you buy me such big ones?" he asked, when he saw them. "These are four sizes too big for me."

"Well," replied his wife, "they cost the same as your size, and I wasn't going to let a shop assistant know I married such a little shrimp."

A scratch golfer had been playing in a match and had been kept back at every hole since the ninth by a novice in front. By way of adding insult to injury the novice said cheerfully to him: "Well, and how many birdies did you shoot this round?"

"I don't know about birdies, but I'd have given a lot for a chance to shoot one rabbit," said the other irritably.

A member of the Salvation Army had been deputed to go to a near-by town and order a new banner. He was given the necessary details on a card, and found when he reached town that he had left it behind. He wired his wife: "Please send copy of card in desk." After one or two enquiries at the Post Office he was at last informed that a wire had arrived, but the girl seemed rather puzzled about it, saying: "I'm afraid, sir, there has been some mistake." The message read as follows: "Unto us a child is born six feet four by six feet nine, red in front and blue behind.—Love, Mary."

Two men stood looking at a car that one of them had bought recently.

Said Moses: "Ikey, that car is worth one thousand pounds. I am going to surprise you. I will sell it to you for five hundred."

"Moses," replied Ikey, "I'm going to surprise you. I will give you fifty for it."

"Now, Ikey," answered the other, "I am going to surprise you again, I will take your offer."

Applicant (to magistrate): "I want some advice about my husband, sir. He left me twenty-five years ago and I ain't seen 'im since."

"Well?" asked the magistrate.

"What about me 'aving a separation?"

An actress thought of a plan for ensuring the safety of her pearl necklace. She always left it on her dressing-table with a note: "This is only an imitation; the real one is kept at the bank."

But when she returned one night from the theatre the necklace had gone. In its place was another note, which read:

"This necklace will do. I'm only a substitute myself. The burglar who usually looks after this district is in prison."



IN VIENNA: MARGIT ANGERER

Setzer

The beautiful Viennese prima donna of the Vienna State Opera, who will come to London for the Covent Garden Opera season and sing in "Der Rosenkavalier"

"Is your husband in?" asked the caller.

"Yes, he's in," replied the wife.

"Good," exclaimed the other, "then perhaps I'll get the money he owes me."

"Some hopes!" smiled the wife, knowingly. "If my husband had any money he wouldn't be in."

Bobby had been naughty and his father deemed it necessary to punish him.

"Do you know why I'm going to spank you, Bobby?" he asked.

"No, why?" asked Bobby.

"Because you hit a boy smaller than yourself."

"Oh—I thought maybe it was 'cos I'm smaller than you."

An Irish priest had been transferred from one parish to another. One of his old flock met one of the new.

"Well," he said, "and how do ye like Father Murphy, Pat?"

"Ah to be shure," answered Pat, "he's a foinc man, but a troifle bellicose."

"Bellicose, is it? Well, if that isn't quare. When we had him, he was as thin as a rake."



THREE FLOWERS IN A FLOWER SHOP

Janet Jevons

Miss Sammut, Miss Stephenson, and Miss Handley, who are in Miss Nellie Taylor's (Mrs. Buckmaster) charming flower shop in Old Burlington Street. Miss Nellie Taylor, who was very well known on the stage, married Captain Buckmaster, the progenitor of Buck's Club.

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 all eyes are turned
 "ON the FACE"

ONE cannot afford to look anything but young and exceedingly lovely every minute of the time, in this year of "face."

The new hats, with their shallow crowns, are worn far back on the head, and nary a soft brim to give a flattering line to the forehead. The face is the thing—and it must be flawlessly fresh—free of fatigue lines—always. Before you buy your new hat, visit the Elizabeth Arden Salons, and have an expertly trained attendant give you one of Miss Arden's famous face treatments. Your skin will be thoroughly cleansed—and that is so important. Every line of worry, age or fatigue will be carefully erased. Skin blemishes that have no place in this era of elegance, will be removed. If there is a sign of "crêpey-ness" in your chin, it will disappear. Your face will glow thrillingly with new vitality and loveliness. Then you will be ready to buy that new off-the-face hat and face the world with the poise of the "bien soignée"

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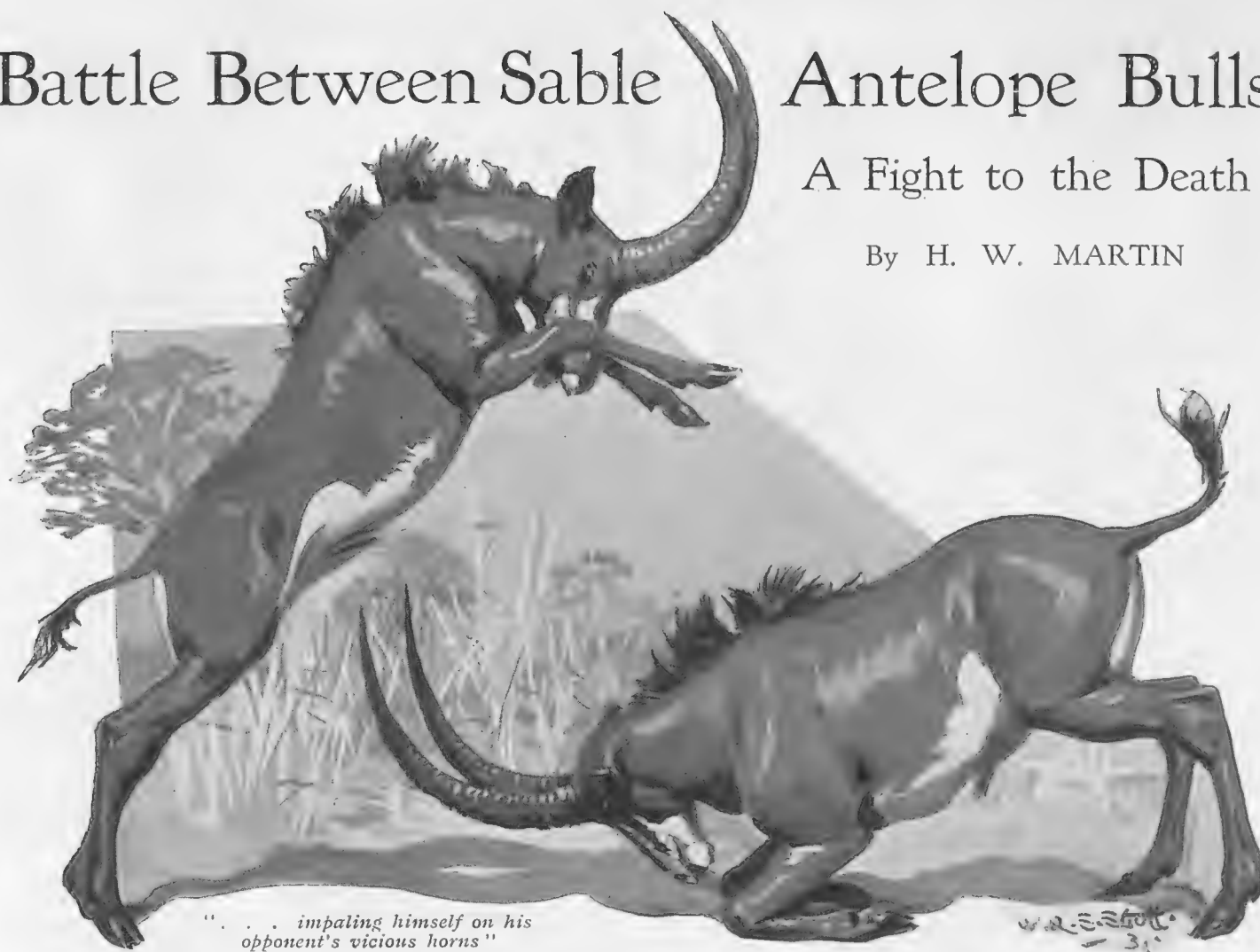
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Battle Between Sable Antelope Bulls

A Fight to the Death

By H. W. MARTIN



IT is seldom that man is given the opportunity of seeing the inner or domestic life of the fauna of the African jungle. This, I suppose, is due to the wild animal's instinctive dread of man and the desire to avoid him.

I was once commissioned to procure a good specimen of a sable antelope head—a record if possible.

Although sable antelope are widely distributed over East and Central Africa, they vary in size, length, and curve of horns, according to locality. The finest I had seen were in the Zambesi valley, about forty miles north of Tete, Portuguese East Africa. So I decided on that locality for my quest.

I had been camped in sable antelope country for about a month, and although I had seen some hundreds of these beautiful creatures, I had not encountered one worth shooting for his head, until one morning at dawn I saw a magnificent bull with beautifully curved long horns reaching half-way to his rump, emerge from the forest accompanied by about a dozen cows and commence feeding in a small circular open glade.

When I first spotted him he was too far away to try a shot, the distance separating us was about three hundred yards. By taking advantage of every bit of cover I managed to get to within a hundred yards of him, and was preparing for a shot when a strange thing happened.

The cows suddenly lifted up their heads, snorted, and ran back to the cover of the forest. The bull stood his ground, and commenced pawing the earth sending up clouds of dust in all directions, and snorting for all he was worth. At first I thought he had seen me and was snorting defiance. A few seconds later I was startled by hearing similar noises emanating from the opposite side of the glade, which was about one hundred yards in diameter. Was I seeing and hearing things? (I had not been on licensed premises for three months).

I was soon disillusioned, for watching the spot where the noise was coming from on the opposite side of the glade, I was astonished to see another fine specimen of a herd bull emerge from the trees and commence pawing the ground and snorting as the first one was doing.

I was now thoroughly keyed up, for I knew that I was about to witness a fight between two of the most savage and beautiful of God's creations.

Slowly and cautiously they advanced towards each other, stopping every two or three yards to snort defiance. When they reached a point near the centre of the natural ring, they each turned, as if by mutual consent to the left and commenced circling, each seeking an opening in the other's defence.

They continued walking round each other, narrowing the circle the while until only about five yards separated them. They then turned sideways and reared up on their hind legs like two huge goats. Down they came like lightning, their foreheads meeting in a terrible impact, with a bang like a miniature thunderclap. Again and again their heads met, each time with increased fury. I was fascinated. It was as if the battle had been staged in a natural amphitheatre with the trees as an audience.

They had been battering each other for ten minutes and were showing signs of slowing down; the pace had been terrific, when the bull I had first seen and which appeared to be the larger, although there was little between them, went down on his knees, his horns pointing forward at an acute angle. Down came the other one impaling himself on his opponent's vicious horns when both lay still. It was all done in a flash, so quickly, that I could hardly follow their movements.

As far as I could see the bigger bull had made a feint; he certainly raised his forelegs off the ground as if to butt, but dropped to his knees before the other had anticipated the trick, and too late for him to recover.

When I got up to them both were dead; the one having his heart and lungs pierced, the other with a broken neck, caused by the weight of his adversary.

This is the only instance in the course of thirty-five years' big-game hunting that I have seen sables fighting.

It is a well-known fact that both sable and roan antelope kill lions, for I have several times come on skeletons of lions and those of sable and roan antelope. The lion with the horns of the antelope protruding from his ribs, and the antelope with its neck broken.



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ON A NICE SAILING WIND OFF MONTE

A picture to gladden the heart of anyone who has ever had a hold of the tiller of a racing yacht, small size as these boats are, as they punch through a bit of real with the canvas as hard as a board. An excellent and recent impression of the International regatta off Monte

THE rumour that a powerful syndicate intends to revive the famous play, *The Importance of Being Ernest*, at a West-End theatre not a thousand miles from Hanover Square is, I understand, premature if, indeed, not entirely incorrect.

One of the assigned reasons, so the gossips say, is that Mahatma Gandhi, a keen patron of the drama, is uncertain as to his dates, and cannot guarantee to be in England in time to watch it.

THE effigy called "Genesis" has been purchased by a kindly private collector, but the effigy of Lord Haig has no chance of being collected privately; and Mr. Lansbury, having said that the Hardiman horse is the kind of steed he likes, it is to join the long string of steeds few people would ever want to ride which are strewn about London's public places. It may be a forlorn hope, but would it not be worth while sending the hat round to collect enough money to buy the Hardiman horse? We could then melt him down and give the resultant lump of bronze to someone who does know a horse from a giraffe or an *okapi*. Lionel Edwards, my little friend "Snaffles," or Cecil Aldin or Mrs. Horace Colmore could produce a better horse than this if they were asked to do it blindfold and with one hand tied behind their backs. With all this high talent available, it seems a pity that something cannot be done to stop someone, who knew what a good horse should be, being exhibited in perpetuity on a thing that is wrong everywhere. Lord Haig not only knew all about it, but was one who had a particularly good seat on a horse. The gentleman in the caricature of a horseman has not—quite definitely,

SOME very interesting musical news has arrived from Granada, that romantic region in Spain, where apparently some of the local inhabitants do not like banjos, guitars, tambourines, or even things called "ukes." They tell us some musicians, influenced by the glorious moonlit night, stopped in front of a certain house to sing to the accompaniment of guitars. Two occupants of the house came out on the balcony, revolvers in hand, and ordered the singing to cease. As the serenaders went on with their song, one of the two men on the balcony opened fire. One serenader was shot dead, another was seriously wounded, and another had a narrow escape, a bullet going through his hat, and unfortunately missed his tambourine, guitar, banjo, or "uke" as the case may be. Some people may think this a bit tough, and that the penalty was too severe. It may have been, and yet on the other hand it may not. In the B.C. and pre-B.C. epochs before soap was invented and people had to do a lot of scratching, things may not have been very peaceful, but in the pre-B.B.C. period they were comparatively so. In Granada they had one up on us; they could see the people who were making this disgusting noise. It would be no

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

good, unfortunately, loosing off a round or two into the loud-speaker in these B.B.C. days when they turn on what is called a concert of international music and give us a Russian variety. It would also be a waste to do it on some tenors and all glee singers, also some fiddlers; but if we were honest with ourselves we should admit that we would do exactly the same as these musical critics of Granada if we got as good a target. No one has any right to constitute himself a Torquemada.

MUSIC has charms to soothe the savage breast, so someone has said, but some music doesn't. Rather does it rouse the savage beast. Look how dogs sit down and howl when some people sing. Snakes apparently like the peculiar sounds the people who charm them make on those instruments like

ocarinas with tails to them; but horses are not over keen, and cows are terrified of it, and I expect it is because of their milk. They would not trust even Handel's "Largo," the piece of which we are assured murderers are so fond, or even Wagner's *Rienzi*; and as for *Götterdämmerung*, I'm certain cows, or even female hippos, would never stick it. I heard a yarn once about a man they called *Der Trompeter von Säckingen*. It was very sad and very romantic, as are so many German stories. The Trompeter loved a beautiful girl—name, I think, Isolde—loved her with all his ardent soul; then he had to go to some war or other with the rest of the cavalry band to which he belonged. Just before leaving he thought the least he could do was to play a tune on his trumpet for Isolde; so very early in the morning he rode up outside the house and fair let himself go. Then heart-

broken and with even his trumpet full of his liquid grief, he galloped off to the fray. The war was over by tea-time the same day, and so the Trompeter galloped back again to Isolde's home town, and to let her know that he had arrived he blew like blazes. No one appeared. He blew again worse than ever. Same result. No one to be seen anywhere. Then he saw a very old man walking along the street. The Trompeter galloped up to him and asked him what the *Donner und Blitzen* was the matter with the

(Cont. on p. v.)



SIR ERNEST AND LADY HORLICK IN CANNES

A snapshot in the Croisette. Sir Ernest and Lady Horlick are on their honeymoon in a place which is idyllic for that kind of thing. Sir Ernest Horlick is well known in the world of polo, and is head of the famous firm which bears his name

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AT THE HEREFORD POINT-TO-POINT: MAJOR CHAMBERS AND SIR JAMES CROFT

A snapshot at Burley Gate, Hereford, last week, where this point-to-point was run in King's weather. Sir James Croft, who was performing, was the Oxford cox from 1926 to 1929. His seat is Croft Castle, Herefordshire

SORRY to have to refer to such a hackneyed subject as the weather, especially as the particular sample in question will, I hope, be a matter of ancient history by the time this note sees the light of day. But the fact is I had never realized before what an extremely unpleasant thing a motor car can be made by one short sharp fall of snow. Certainly I would never have believed that about five minutes of it would cause long lines of vehicles to be pulled up at the sides of the road. Not long ago I had seen in an American technical paper an advertisement of an electrical warming apparatus for melting the ice off windscreens. That was obviously a very useful gadget to have when touring in the neighbourhood of the Arctic Circle, but I never supposed that very soon I should be heartily wishing I had one on my own car. Yet such was the case. The screen-wiper packed up very early, being quite incapable of dealing with a half-inch layer of semi-frozen snow, and so there was nothing for it but to open the screen as wide as it would go and admit the blizzard in full force. I assume that most of the cars which were pulled up had screens that wouldn't open sufficiently. I had a date to keep and meant to get along if I could, but it was a dismal, almost a painful, business. I rarely had more than one eye open at a time, the other being bunged up with a snowflake. The car rapidly began to fill with snow, which I am sure is not good for upholstery. Very soon the side-lamps (you could not see a foot ahead with the headlamps on) got caked up with ice, so that I thought the batteries must have failed. Evidently lamp glasses want wipers too. Altogether a jolly affair, but fate was kind enough to make the storm very local as far as I was concerned. That was as well, for a minute or two before the snow stopped I had just about made up my mind that a bar-parlour would not be a bad place until the atmosphere cleared. Next morning the wholly inappropriate winter weather declared its beastliness in quite a different, but none the less effective, fashion. In my part of the world we had had but little snow, but an intense frost. About breakfast time the good old sun came out in mid-July style and promptly melted the snow. Then the sun went in again, and the moisture very quickly froze. The consequence was that except where it was shaded by high hedges the road was covered with a very thin sheet of black, almost invisible ice. I got the tip about it through doing a highly complicated but totally

Petrol Vapour

By W. G. ASTON

involuntary foot-skid in walking to the garage, and was therefore extremely careful, though even so I had a few sickening tail-waggles. But some of the optimists allowed themselves to be deceived. One chap at the wheel of a big saloon couldn't tolerate my slow gait, so he buzzed past me and then proceeded to perform a most remarkable evolution—quite the slowest, steadiest, and most stately flat spin it has ever been my luck to witness. I think he must have felt that the surface was not quite right and that he had better just touch the brakes. Be that as it may, he made one absolutely complete rotation, taking quite two hundred yards for the figure, and gradually pulled up facing the right way and with no harm done to anyone or anything. As for me, I obtained an impression that will long live in my memory, for never till then had I seen a motor-car imitating a steatopygic old lady practising the first steps of the waltz. But its driver, when I crawled past him with an ingratiating smile upon my face, did not seem to be enjoying the joke quite so much as he should. But perhaps

he was devoutly thanking Heaven for his luck, and was properly serious about it. At all events, he was only momentarily cast down, for a little later he sloshed past me again on a surface that looked to me to be still treacherous.



MAJOR NOEL SAMPSON

One of whose pictures of a part of Lady Bearsted's beautiful villa on the Riviera will be published in the next issue of this paper. Major Sampson was in the Bays, and afterwards in the R.F.C. He is well known in motor-boating circles in the South of France

More Trouble.

By no means do I envy those whose job it is to straighten out the tangle of London traffic. They have taken on a job that compares with any of the labours of Hercules and it does not appear likely to make them intensely popular. This new scheme of cars in certain scheduled streets only being allowed to stop long enough to load and unload passengers is going to cause an immense amount of inconvenience, particularly to people who

(Continued on p. xvi)



Arthur Owen

AT THE CLEVELAND POINT-TO-POINT

The races were held recently at Easby, near Middlesbrough, Yorkshire, and in this group are Lord and Lady Allerton (whose seat is Thorp Arch Hall, Boston Spa, Yorkshire), and Captain and Mrs. Leyland

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THE HAND OF THE MONK

By KENNETH DOUGLAS

JOHN HAMLEY was a man keenly interested in antiques and old architecture. He was a member of many antiquarian societies, and was considered quite an authority on his subjects. He was a great friend of mine and his death, the circumstances of which I will relate, was a great shock to me, and I am the only person who really knows the real story behind it. I have not told anyone my views, as I was afraid that no one would believe me, and I am only relating it now with fictitious names.

He was, as I say, a great friend of mine; we had known each other when we were at school, and had done everything together; we were in each other's confidence. After leaving school we had kept in close touch with each other, and I always considered him a normal healthy young man. We used to walk, run, play football, and other games together, and he always gave me the impression of being strong and sound. He was a tall, well-built man, nearly 6 ft. with fine shoulders. His stamina was remarkable, and he used to be able to walk all day without tiring. He was not handsome, but he had a highly intelligent face, and gave you the impression that he was fully alive, there always being an alert expression on his face.

About a year ago he had purchased some old cottages in the country, and had had them restored under his own supervision. The cottages were in a very dilapidated condition, and he bought them with the object of turning them into one good-sized house. They were situated on the fringe of the churchyard, and had, during a very varied career, housed the vicar of the church. After the purchase, when going through the deeds, he discovered that the cottages had originally been one house, and had been the grange of one of the old monasteries. This, of course, pleased him exceedingly, and he endeavoured to trace out the history of the house and the monastery to which it belonged.

The restoration was carried out most carefully and no effort was spared to get every detail correct in style, and the house was put into very much the same state as it originally had been. It was a large house with a great number of rooms and several staircases and winding corridors with concealed nooks. They were low and long, the walls being faced with tiles, and the windows were small and mullioned. The roof had to be completely restored as, owing to the place being unoccupied, it had fallen in in many places. The chimneys were also restored as they also had fallen in through time. The next thing for him to do was to furnish it, and to do this he employed all the resources of his knowledge

of antiques and period furnishing. Everything was correct, even to the names of the rooms. The dining-room was always called the Refectory and the library the Librarium.

The place was furnished with old oak tables and chairs and the pictures were all of the old primitive school. There were also several statues of the Virgin.

After the completion I had an invitation to go down and spend a short holiday with him to see what he had accomplished.

He showed me over the place, which was a most remarkable achievement of art. To be quite in keeping the place was lit entirely by candles, no gas or electricity being allowed as these would have spoilt the effect.

His own room was called the Abbot's Chamber and was a fine large room with a large four-poster bedstead, the best bed-room in the house. The room I occupied, a much smaller room, was next to this.

After having looked at the house we went to bed, where I lay for some time thinking, and was not able to get to sleep. After fruitless efforts at sleep I got up and went into my friend's room, awakened him, and started to talk. We talked about the old house, and I brought up the question

as to whether there was a secret room or hiding place. It was usual in such places to build a hiding place in case of trouble, and the fugitive could hide securely in the room for some considerable time. The subject was interesting, so we decided there and then to commence a search in his room which was lit faintly by the moonlight. We went round sounding the walls to see if we could discover a secret panel or room. I kept tapping and trying the wall in likely places without success, but when I came to the wall behind the bedstead I had a strange feeling while I was trying the panels. A nauseating feeling passed over me, and I drew back towards the middle of the room. I felt very upset by this, and determined not to be overcome I returned and started to tap gently on the panels which gave a hollow sound, showing clearly that there was a cavity in the wall. Again I tried the panels in an endeavour to find an entry, but again this sickening feeling overcame me, but this time it was intermingled with fear. I felt myself trembling slightly and told my friend what had occurred. He laughed at me and immediately tried the wall himself, coming into the middle of the room later and saying there was nothing the matter, but that we had best give up for that night and would go on again in the morning. I felt very much shaken by what had happened, and it was some little time before I was able to get any sleep.

(Continued on p. xiv)



LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE

The latest portrait of the beautiful wife of Sir John Buchanan-Jardine who is the daughter of Lord Ernest Hamilton, who is the Duke of Abercorn's uncle. Sir John Buchanan-Jardine is the 3rd baronet, and has been Master of the Dumfries-shire Hounds since 1921



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EVE AT GOLF : By ELEANOR E. HELME



Miss Molly Gourlay, whose score of 73 secured her the scratch trophy at the open meeting, organized at Wentworth by "Fairway and Hazard" in conjunction with the Women's Automobile and Sports Club

course as Wentworth. The occasion was the first open meeting sponsored by the Women's Automobile and Sports Association organized by "Fairway and Hazard." When we say that Miss H. V. Smith was sitting behind the table with the cards and the sweep boxes we have said quite enough to show that it was a perfectly run affair, and when the weather can also be described as glorious, it is easy to see that everybody thoroughly enjoyed their day out in the country. Perhaps some of them did not enjoy the putting part of the proceedings. You cannot expect greens to have much grass until there has been some soft warm rain to encourage it and, until the grass has grown, putting is bound to be something of a nightmare on greens as fast as Wentworth. Mrs. Alec Gold did not seem to have any difficulty with them, and for a long time her 80 headed the list. But Miss Gourlay's 73, a record for the course, never looked like slipping out of the 70's. She got down in one putt at the 2nd for a great 3; she had a two at the 12th, and there was only one putt at the 14th. But she indulged in three putts four times, almost like any other human being. Yet for the rest her driving was so long and so straight, the whole of her game so assured, that there seemed nothing like luck about her round. The figures were the result of sheer merit.

Early in the season people who win scratch prizes may also expect to head handicap lists, but custom prevents their carrying off too many prizes with one score, and so though Miss Gourlay's was the best net return as well as scratch, Mrs. Gold took the handicap

If Miss Gourlay is going to set so hot a pace as her performance last week suggested, the rest of the golfing world will be left exhausted and panting before they are half-way through the season. Seventy-three round Wentworth is an excellent outcome of a winter spent hunting, and at this rate we shall have every golfer downing clubs next autumn and dashing off to seek a horse. They might not all remain on their noble steeds, but even that is not so doubtful a proposition as their chance of returning 73's round any course, let alone such a

prize and the second scratch went to Miss Hilda Cameron from Lossiemouth, the Scottish International, who returned 82. It was, you see, a very distinguished meeting, with Internationals and county champions tumbling over each other.

Miss Enid Wilson buried her hopes and her card at the 5th hole. Some critics are saying they would also like her to bury her investigations into the styles of quite so many other golfers, and settle down instead to play her own game. Things are certainly going wrong for her at present, but as the season is yet young, we cannot expect to have two people making a mock of par in one day, especially early in March. Presumably when the North v. South match comes off on Monday, April 20, at Walton Heath, Miss Wilson will lead the northern side and Miss Gourlay the southern, unless Miss Fishwick should be back by then from America, or Miss Wethered should have a temporary outing from seclusion. One cannot picture Miss Wilson taking anything on chance against any of those three, and no doubt by then she will have decided whether the style of Bobby Jones, Horton Smith, or somebody else is really best suited to her own particular talent. That match is going to be one of the

bonnes bouches in the over-crowded fixture list, the north, for this occasion including the midlands, and the south both south-east and south-west. Pity the poor selection committee! And most of all those players who will have a precarious place at the bottom of each team, out of which half-a-dozen other players would like to push them and substitute themselves.

County teams are getting busy in some divisions, though the southern division of the south-eastern is presumably waiting



In play: Miss Sylvia Bayley at Wentworth. She returned an 85 in the scratch event. The meeting was most successful



Mrs. R. O. Porter and Mrs. Lance Foley also competed at Wentworth. There was a big entry

for the return of Miss Fishwick, just as the north is awaiting the coming of spring. Things, in fact, have already reached fever heat in the northern sub-division of the south-east. Bucks, having survived a dangerous encounter with Berks and beaten both Essex and Hertfordshire, have now gone down heavily to Essex in the return match at Romford. Six to one gives perhaps almost undue credit to Essex, for most of the matches were extremely close, but after all it is the vital little ones or noughts that matter, not the thumping margins. And then the very next day, down goes Essex to Berks, whom they had previously beaten by 6-1; all very puzzling and conflicting.

Are Bucks rejoicing over Berks' discomfiture, or does it raise horrid doubts of their own ability to beat those next door neighbours of theirs?

O

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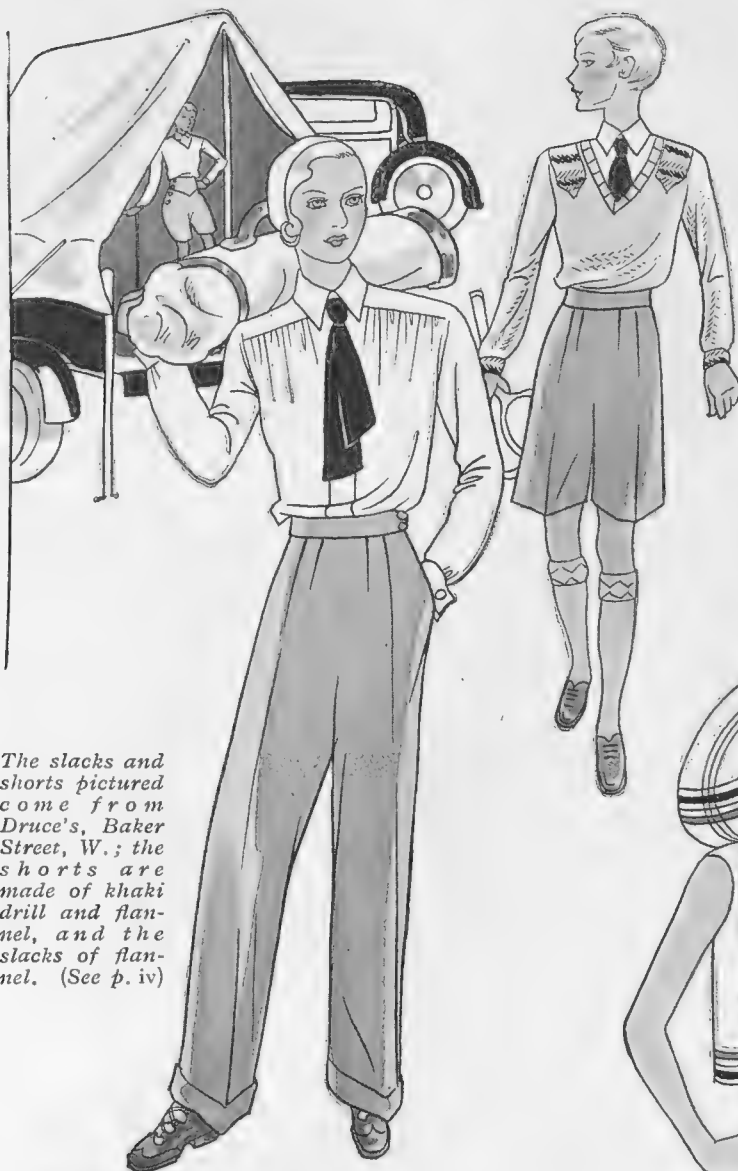
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The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



The slacks and shorts pictured come from Druce's, Baker Street, W.; the shorts are made of khaki drill and flannel, and the slacks of flannel. (See p. iv)

the pleated skirt has insertions of the latter with frills of Valenciennes lace at the waist and a wide patent leather belt; the scheme is completed with a white felt Robin Hood hat, the crown being gartered with patent leather. An ensemble that everyone will desire to possess is worn by Jane Welsh; the coat is arranged on Russian tunic lines, and is carried out in beige cloth enriched with brown Persian lamb collar and cuff; it seems almost unnecessary to add that the skirt matches the fur.

Contrasting Sleeves.

Later, Miss Welsh discards this coat and is seen in an altogether charming *negligée*; in it a decidedly novel note is struck by the sleeves being of a different genre; one is long, sweeps the ground, and is enriched with fine lace, while the other has been influenced by the kimono and is reinforced with a roll of satin beauté. A scarf effect is a notable feature of this clever actress's evening dress of white picador; the slanting neckline is caught with shoulder straps and buckles. A scroll collar of Russian sable is represented in Kathryn Hamill's white-faced cloth coat;

(Continued on p. iv)

Fashions in "Cochran's 1931 Revue."

THERE is a marvellously effective kaleidoscopic range of pastel colours in the grand finale scene at *Cochran's 1931 Revue*; the dresses have been carried out by Reville of Hanover Square. The colours include amber, gold, peach, aluminium, pewter, pearl, moonlight blue, olivine, willow green, and sulphur and saffron. The skirts are long and graceful and, as the wearers dance, the much-discussed petticoats of white silk net are revealed. Ada-May's choice has alighted on a simple frock of black velvet which moulds her figure until the hips are passed; her petticoat is simply covered with tiny frills of Valenciennes lace.

The Blending of Contrasting Colours.

The dresses worn by the other principals show how perfectly contrasting colours may be blended. For instance, Jane Welsh's frock is emerald green, Molly Molloy's scarlet, Ruth Atherton's deep blue, Queenie Leonard's slate grey; nevertheless there is never a jarring note. In the opening scene Mr. Cochran's young ladies wear smart hip length coats and skirts shading from ice-white to silver steel-greys, gun-metal, and pitch black. In the Ding Dong scene they are seen in cyclamen pink satin trousers decorated with motifs of jade, yellow, and blue; the shirts are white with ragged sleeves and pink braces; mother o' pearl buttons and buckles hold the trousers in position.

The Lure of Simplicity.

Nothing could have suited Ada-May better than the simple frock she wears in the "Little Fish" scene; it is of ivory-white marocain and georgette;

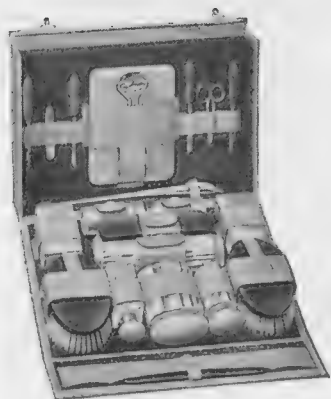


Beach and garden suits in many new interpretations may be seen at Gamages, Holborn. The model on the left is carried out in a new sunblind material and consists of five pieces. The other suit has been created for women who always look with favour on something made of wool. (See p. iv)



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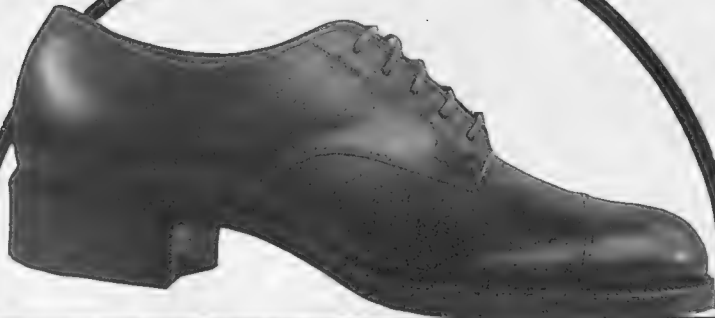
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Spring has arrived and announced in no uncertain terms that in order that men and women may walk in comfort footwear that is perfectly cut and built on scientific and hygienic lines must be worn. There is no time of the year when feet give more trouble or more forcibly declare that they will have their revenge should they be neglected. All will be well when shoes that bear the name of Cantilever are worn. Embodied in them are five important features: (1) they conform to the natural outline of the foot; (2) they fit snugly round the heel and never rub the stocking; (3) they are flexible; (4) they fit up into the arch and support the foot; this is ensured by the Cantilever springing of the leather giving it a firm nevertheless supple support which prevents it sagging; (5) they suggest that the heels are higher than they really are. To put the matter in a nutshell they are comfortable, good looking, fit well, and are real value. By the way they are sold practically everywhere, including the Coventry Shoe Company, Coventry Street, W., who will be pleased to send the interesting booklet, entitled "Miles of Smiles in Cantilever Shoes," post free

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Cloth CARDIGAN SUIT,
accompanied by a long COAT
of the same material. In the
new Spring colours.
Sizes S.W., W. and L.W.

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COAT, lined through-
out crepe-de-chine - **7** gns
HAT to match - - - **35/-**

G 456. Suede BLOUSE which
lends itself to be worn in
striking as well as soft colour-
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Carmine, Mustard, and several
shades of Brown. **4½** gns
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28, 30 and 31 inches.

Suede BERET - - - **10/6**

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

at the elbows there are curved revers that are novel and attractive. An evening dress of deep forget-me-not blue is worn by Queenie Leonard; it is expressed in reversible satin, and is decorated with narrow bands which are apparently united in the centre of the corsage and are caught with neat cravat bows.

* * *

A Spring Flower.

Although ill luck is said to attend the wearing of certain flowers that are Dame Nature's handiwork, this does not apply to those created by art bearing the same name. This is a matter for congratulation, as surely nothing is more decorative than apple blossom, lilac, and snowdrops, the last mentioned interspersed with violets. Just at the moment there is a decided vogue for bunches of sweet peas; they are mixed with asparagus fern as well as their own foliage; then there are bunches of primulas, pansies, and cowslips. Tulips do not lend themselves for personal adornment. The leaders of fashion for evening wear have set their stamp of approval on pink violet orchids, and do not hesitate to pay from 30s. to 50s. a spray. Sprays of cattleya orchids are even more costly and are sometimes as much as £4 4s. per spray. Naturally, there are less expensive affairs, but they are not nearly so lovely. Malmaisons are well represented, so are delicately-shaded roses; they are arranged in trails, and are introduced in unexpected places such as the base of the *décolletage* at the back, in front and back of the hips, or it may be in the centre of the corsage in front.

* * *

From Paris to Piccadilly.

There was something for everyone at Swan and Edgar's dress parades; they were entitled "From Paris to Piccadilly"; one end of the salon depicted the Champs Élysées and the other this well-known firm's corner in Piccadilly, W. There were two brides—one was dressed in white chiffon, the indelible cachet of this dress lay in the graceful draperies; there were two bridesmaids, one in green and the other in yellow; the schemes were completed with shady hats and muffs. Evidently this bride was not superstitious as she carried sprays of white lilac. The choice of the other bride had alighted on white satin with a new silver sheen; the skirt was tiered, and the net veil was outlined with silver lace. She carried a bouquet of arum lilies. Her bridesmaids wore blue and pink organdi and lace frocks of the picture genre.

* * *

Race and Tennis Frocks.

Swan and Edgar likewise showed some very interesting dresses, some of which were suitable for Ascot and others were appropriate for tennis and golf. Among the former was one of black marocain with coat to match; the dress was arranged with a shell-pink georgette collar and deep cuffs of the same material; the coat was enriched with elbow cuffs and hem of fur. Then there were little sleeveless dresses in

Santoy crêpes for £4 4s., and others of Honan silk were 60s. Incredible as it may seem, there were Sibroma tennis frocks for 15s.; this fabric is a heavy artificial silk. There were pyjamas for every hour of the day and night; there were imposing affairs of satin handsomely embroidered for dinner wear, and then there were a variety of cretonne models for 1 guinea. They were not displayed, but ever so much to be desired were the Japanese floral crêpe affairs which, with pochette complete, were 5s. The very last words in millinery were well represented from the *béret* caps to the large shady capelines.



A READY-TO-WEAR TAILORED SUIT
Designed and carried out by Kenneth
Durward. It is available in homespuns,
worsted and flannel

A Cabaret of Sports.

Decidedly original was a scene entitled a Cabaret of Sports at Gamage's Marble Arch Parade of Fashion. There was a replica of the Centre Court at Wimbledon, with umpire's chair, ball boys, non-playing captain, and the players all (mannequins) suitably dressed for the occasion. Portmarnock was chosen for the golf scene; there were caddies, referee, champion runner-up, and players. The other scenes included fencing, riding, flying, squash, bathing, and rowing. Particulars were given to the guests regarding the prices of the garments; for the benefit of those who were unable to be present a brochure has been compiled, which will gladly be sent gratis and post free. Every occupant of the wardrobe was well represented, and it was forcibly brought home to everyone present that it was possible to equip oneself from top to toe for an exceptionally modest outlay.

* * *

Beach Suits.

As everyone is talking about beach and garden suits, two from Gamage's collection have been selected for pictorial expression on p. 42. There is the five-piece ensemble; it consists of trousers, sleeveless coatee, hat, bag, and sunshade; they are made of a new striped sun-blind fabric, which washes and wears extremely well. As the hat protects the face the sunshade may protect the arms. Incredible as it may seem, nevertheless it is a fact that the set complete is 39s. 6d. The other model is of knit wool, and although it consists of swimmer, trousers, and coat, is only 3 guineas. It is indeed a gilt-edge investment.

* * *

Shorts and Slacks.

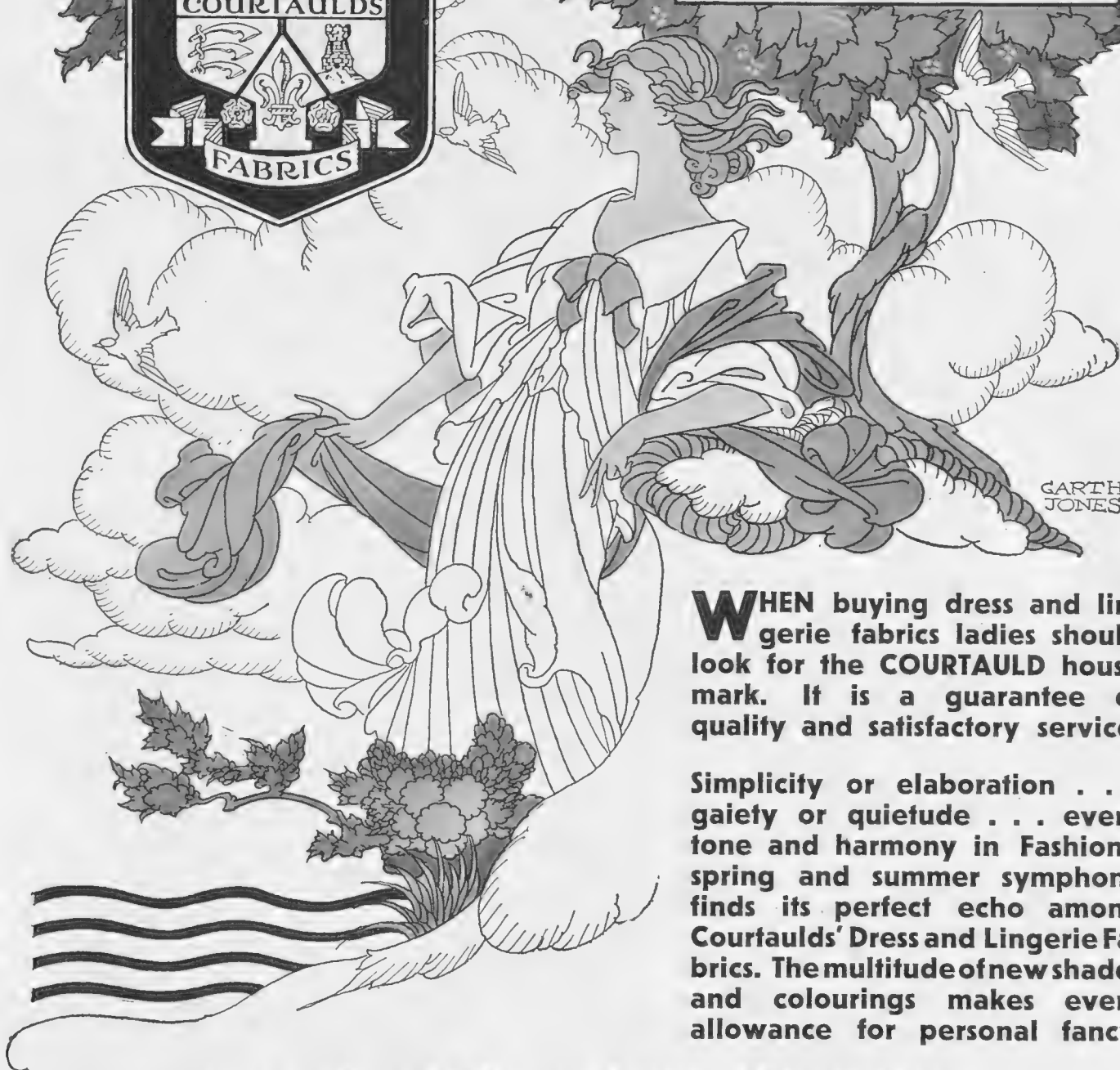
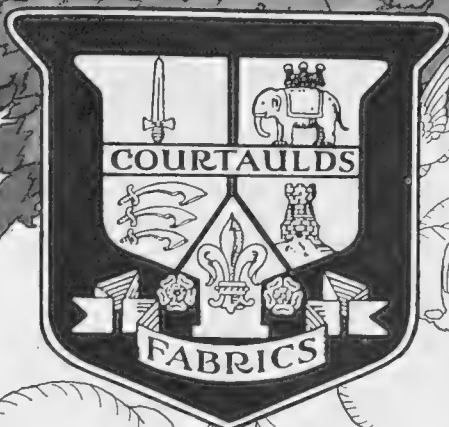
Women will be well advised to see to it that all roads lead to Druce's in Baker Street, W., as the value to be obtained there is phenomenal. The shorts and slacks illustrated on p. 42 are a study in contrasts. The shorts in khaki drill are 8s. 11d., and in white or grey flannel, 10s. 6d., while the slacks in grey or white flannel are 14s. 11d. A feature is here made of trousered skirts in tweed for 29s. 6d.; the division is so cleverly camouflaged that it is well-nigh invisible. There are knitted coats of the blazer character in a variety of colours for 25s. 11d. And, of course, here may be seen the very newest ideas in bathing kit. Druce's will gladly send their catalogue on application.

* * *

Ready to Wear.

It is indeed splendid news that Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street, is making a feature of ready-to-wear tailor-mades for 8½ guineas; they are available in three styles—double-breasted, single-breasted, belted; and three sizes—S.W., W., and O.S. They look ever so smart when seen in conjunction with one of this firm's Shetland or Cashmere scarves to tone, and hats to match; the former is 15s. and the latter 35s. 6d.

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FOR DRESS OR LINGERIE.

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 34

verdammt town. The old man scratched his head, smiled in a nasty way, and then, said, in German of course: "Oi be deaf, young man! All the rest be dead since you blowed your sanguinary trumpet in the mornin'!"

I think I have got this very touching story correct, but I am not quite sure. Anyway it is near enough. The Trompeter must have been a descendant of the buglers who blew down the walls of Jericho.

They are pulling down the curtain on the hunting season in Ireland, so I hear, almost as early as we shall be on this side of the Channel, and although they have not had such a shocking bad time as we have had over here, though even there some packs have been stopped by frost and snow for a few days, a thing practically unknown, they are in a similar dilemma to ourselves where another matter is concerned—the difficulty about finding new Masters to fill the places of those who are resigning. The Meath, for instance, who in days gone by would only to have had to hold up their fingers to have any number of applicants, want a joint to carry on with Captain "Rags" Hornby, who carries the horn two days a week in their Northern region. Captain Harry Fowler, the senior Master, for reasons of health, is retiring at the end of the season, after a connection with this hunt which dates back to John Watson and before that even to Reynell, who practically "made" the Meath's Dublin country. The Limerick, also, will be vacant if Mr. Atty Persse cannot be persuaded to reconsider his decision to give up, and there are also a few more. It is a sign of our times, however, that two such fine countries as these should be in any difficulty about finding the next man in. Meath I consider a fox-hunter's paradise and, with the foot of the oppressor on the necks of so many people in England, I wonder more from this

side do not migrate. There is virtually no wire; it is all grass, stoppage by the elements or foot-and-mouth virtually unknown—they have not had a sick cow since 1913—and when you are with them you feel that you are in the midst of the thing as it should be. The crowds are not overwhelming, and that feeling of beans and *bonhomie* which should but does not always pervade the fox-hunt, is the leading note. Farther South, in Kilkenny, for instance, there is another paradise, a grand country, a real good pack of hounds done slap up to the knocker by the Master—and furthermore not expensive for the visitor, whether he wants to buy or hire his horses for the season. It is also, as is Dublin, in the north such a convenient Head Quarters. From Dublin it is quite possible to hunt six days a week if you are rich enough to afford—or lucky. From Kilkenny "City" you can do the same easily.



THE CUMBERLAND POINT-TO-POINT
Mrs. Wyberg and Mr. Bell-Irving, who rode the winner of the Adjacent Hunts Race at this meeting, which was held at Black Cook, near Bothel

One little story which I brought back from Ireland—now alas! only a memory till, I hope, only next season—and which I forgot to put down at the time, I think deserves preservation. It was while we were hanging about after breakfast, smoking our pipes, and waiting for the motor to arrive to whisk us off to the tryst at Dowestown, now in occupation of some cheery priests who (so the wags say) lecture to the Chinese over the wireless—that a mournful man hove in sight, and thinking, perhaps, that a stranger was an easier target than anyone else, said: "It's a terrible thing, sorr, for an honest man to be thrampin' the roads wid a stick after bein' in the Ryal Harse Artillery! And me lookin' for work and throubled to kape the clothes on me back. Belave me or belave me not, I've written a letter to Chiny, where they do be havin' a war I belave, offerin' me services, *but God knows whether they'll be able to read me handwriting*—long life to your honour and may the saints preserve ye."

He was well worth five bob.



"Wha daur meddle wi' me?" is the slogan of the Thistle

but "They can't meddle with me" is the slogan of the "Star" Whisky

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Nowhere is the art of permanent waving better understood than at the House of Quinton, 19, Conduit Street, and so important do they consider it that they give their undivided attention to it. All permanent waving is done by one of the partners, therefore nothing but successes are ever placed to their credit. What a splendid reputation to have! They declare, and with justice, that the waving must be done



Quite the newest idea in hairdressing is seen above. To the House of Quinton, 19, Conduit Street, W., must be given the credit of the permanent waving of the same

to suit the personality of their clients. There are many types of women, ranging from the romantic to the classical. Then the contour and size of the head have to be taken into consideration; should the former not be as graceful as could be desired, the permanent waves are arranged to camouflage this defect. The illustrations on this page are of the greatest interest; the waving on the left has been done for a woman who likes something extreme in the way of fashion. The other has been done for the woman who likes something that really suits her. Naturally, there are many kinds of permanent waves; some are mere graceful undulations, the others being more pronounced. A booklet entitled "Coiffure de Dames" will be sent on application.

Colour Harmony Chart.

The first burst of spring sunshine turns the thoughts of all good housewives to the decoration of their houses, or it may be only a few rooms. The first step in this direction is to ask the decorator to submit a Velure Harmony Chart or, on receipt of 6d., C. Chancellor and Company, Goswell Works, Stratford, E., will send one together with the name of their nearest agent. Too much cannot be said in its favour. Amongst much valuable information it contains the fact that in order to make a small room look large blue velure enamel should be chosen, as blue walls recede and create an impression of distance. This enamel is available in several subtle shades of blue as well as in a wide range of other colours.



Simplicity is the salient feature of this coiffure, which has been permanently waved by the House of Quinton. Note the side-parting, the graceful undulations, and the softening effect they have

The Book Window.

The Spring issue of "The Book Window," W. H. Smith and Son's literary quarterly, has just appeared, and is, as usual, bright and informative. It contains an interview with Rose Macaulay, that most witty of modern women writers, an interesting history of Stationers' Hall, and a much-needed article on a neglected topic, the subject of literary collaboration. Apart from the value of the information about coming books, etc., there is a semi-literary Anagram Competition and a list of French and German best-sellers.

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will flow more quickly if
you are writing
with a



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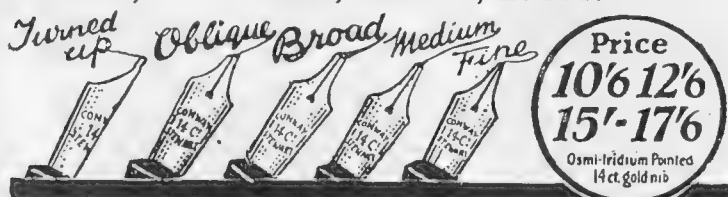
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Also take PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT—the Spring Tonic Laxative. It tones as it cleanses!
Price 1/6—double quantity 2/6

Aldwych

Abroad.

Early in June, Mr. Christopher John Rowlandson, the second son of Colonel John Rowlandson and Mrs. Rowlandson of Durham, and Miss Joyce Hedley, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hedley of Gainford, co. Durham, are being married, and the wedding will take place in Mombasa. This month, on the 5th, Mr. Gerald Ian Maitland-Heriot, M.C., the son of the late Mr. Frederick Maitland-Heriot, and Miss Paula Elsie Barbara Gordon, the daughter of Mr. C. H. Gordon and the late Mrs. Gordon of Behar, India, are being married in India.

This Month.

Lieutenant G. M. Sladen, Royal Navy, and Miss Mary Rolt have fixed April 15 for their marriage at St. Mary's, Amersham; on the previous day Mr. R. V. Boyle, the Loyal Regiment, marries Miss U. F. Grant Duff at Holy Trinity, Brompton; the 22nd is the date of the wedding between Mr. William Noel Chick and Miss Joan Legge, which is to be at St. Mary's, Litton Cheney, Dorsetshire; Mr. P. J. Harratt and Miss Elizabeth Powell are being married at St. Michael's, Chester Square, on the 16th; and on the 23rd, Mr. R. W. V. Robins and Miss Kathleen Knight are being married at All Souls', Langham Place.

In May.

May 12, is the date arranged for the marriage between Lieut.-Colonel C. O. Harvey, Central India Horse, and Miss Lily Pritchard, which is to be at All Souls' Church, Langham Place.

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MR. AND MRS. I. J. SIEDLE

Leon Levson, Johannesburg

Who were married in Queenstown, Cape Colony, on March 14. Mr. I. J. Siedle is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Siedle of Durban, Natal, and his wife was formerly Miss Lesley McPherson, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. McPherson of Queenstown, Cape Colony

Recently Engaged.

Mr. Vernon Hallam of Colombo, Ceylon, the only son of Mr. G. H. Hallam of Pendleton, Manchester, and Miss Evelyn Vyvyan, the younger daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Vyvyan-Robinson of Cardiff; Paymaster-Lieutenant Edward Rolf Frederick Hok, R.N., the only son of the late Professor Rolf Hok and the late Mrs. Hok, and Miss Evelyn Symons Burton, the elder daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel A. R. Burton (I. A.) and of Mrs. Burton of Trevalga, Cheltenham; Mr. Tim Neligan of Troy, Ruanwella, Ceylon, and Miss Ruth (Jill) Dawes-Smith, the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Dawes-Smith; Captain James Stuart, Royal Engineers, the son of Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Stuart of Longwood Chase, Little Baddow, Essex, and Miss Phyllis Hartnell, the daughter of Mr. H. Hartnell and the late Mrs. E. M. Hartnell of Hassocks, Essex; Dr. James Laughland Armour, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Armour of Wallasey, Cheshire, and Miss Sybil Serpell, the only daughter of the late Mr. H. W. Serpell, and of Mrs. Serpell of Worthing, and grand-daughter of Mr. H. O. Serpell, J.P., of Westcroft Park, Chobham, Surrey; Mr. Hugh Charters Kirk, the only son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Charters Kirk, C.B.E., R.F.A., of Monmouthshire, and Mrs. Charters Kirk of 42, Chepstow Place, W., and Miss Daphne Baldwin, the only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Walter Baldwin of the Rectory Farm, Taplow, Buckinghamshire; Mr. Bernard Morgan, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Morgan of Brynderwen, Llandaff, and Miss Mary Walker, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Robert Walker of Yscallog, Llandaff.

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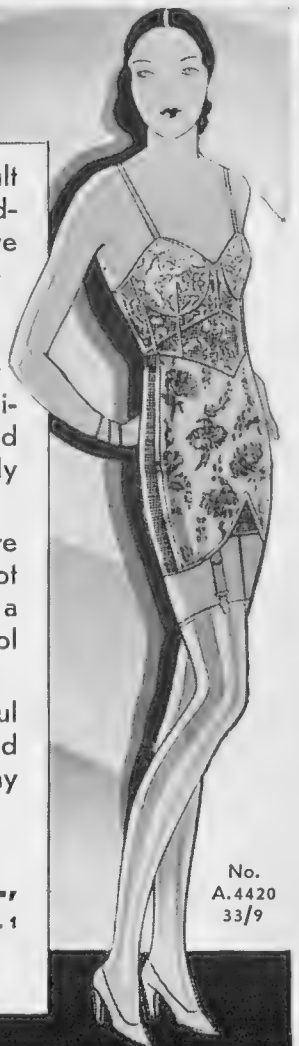
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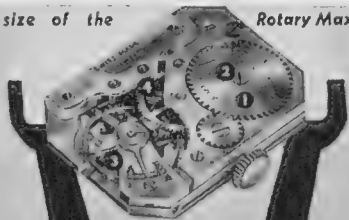
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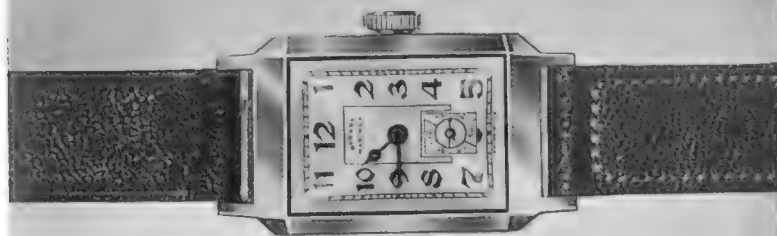
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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

I wish to remind members to send me pictures of their dogs. I would like to make these notes as varied as possible, but cannot do so unless I am supplied with materials. It seems to run in breeds; the owners of some breeds realize the immense advantage it is to their kennels to have them noticed in THE TATLER, other breeds are practically never sent in. Will members please see to this.

The field trial season starts again in April with the trials for pointers and setters, and in this connection it is of great interest to see a picture of Mrs. Nagle's famous brace of Irish setters, F. T. Champion Sulhamstead Sheilin d'Or and F. T. Champion Sulhamstead Valla d'Or. These two are unbeaten as a brace. They have run together in 1928, 1929, and 1930, and will probably run at the English Setter Trials on April 8 and 9. They won the Brace Stake at the Devon and Cornwall Trials in 1928; in 1929 they won 1st Brace Scottish Gundog Association and 1st Brace International Gundog League; in 1930 1st Brace Scottish Gundog Association and 1st Brace Devon and Cornwall. In the same year running in the Championship Stake, Sheilin won it and Valla was third. This is all the more remarkable as Irish setters are supposed not to be easy to train, but the secret of Mrs. Nagle's success probably lies in her remark, "You cannot break Irish setters—you must train them." There are few more beautiful sights than a brace of well-trained pointers or setters at work, and Irish setter people owe a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Nagle for the way in which she has brought the breed to the front. In addition to her other qualities Sheilin is the

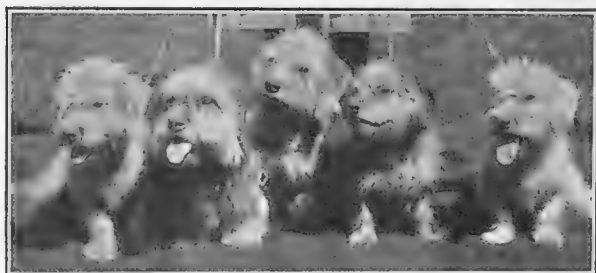


Ralph Robinson
WHITEBEAM JAN AND WHITE-
BEAM TWEEDLEDUM
The property of Miss Hood

A kennel that is coming slowly and steadily to the front is Miss Hood's kennel of white West Highland terriers. Every year it seems to do better, and at the Kennel Club Show last year her West Highlanders won the class for the best brace of terriers. Miss Hood has sent a photograph of this brace—who also won third in the International Brace Class for sporting dogs at Cruft's this year, no mean achievement as they had to meet gundogs as well as terriers. Miss Hood usually has puppies and young stock for sale. White West Highlanders are such attractive-looking dogs that they make instant appeal and their characters are as attractive as their appearance.

Another kennel that is coming on is Mrs. Carlyle's kennel of Dandies. Dandies have indeed "got a move on" lately, it is one of the most remarkable features of the kennel world. They are in the hands of fanciers who look after them well, and through their efforts Dandies are now seen everywhere. They are charming dogs, full of character and game to the core. Mrs. Carlyle has done well lately and she has two bitches for sale. One is seen second from the right in the picture, she is a very attractive bitch. Mrs. Carlyle says "a delightful pet and companion, house trained and over distemper." The other is a puppy, full of quality, and should grow up into a handsome bitch. Mrs. Carlyle is expecting several litters this spring. Puppies are a great amusement and addition of interest to life, and "the spring of the year" is the best time to get one.

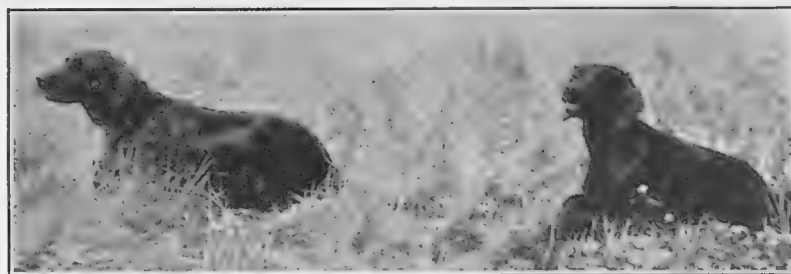
Letters should be addressed to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



DANDIES
The property of Mrs. Carlyle

mother of some first-class puppies, and Sulhamstead Baffle d'Or, besides winning the Kennel Club Derby in 1929, has won well on the bench.

I have an application for a kennelmaid who wishes for a country situation.



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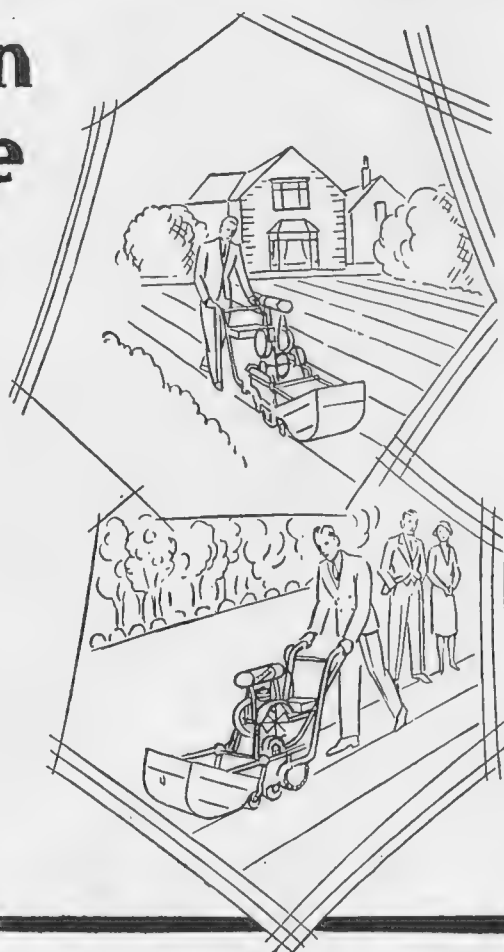
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The Hand of the Monk—*continued from p. 38*

The next morning I asked my friend if he had discovered any secret chambers or hiding places. He told me that he had not done so, but that he felt pretty sure that one existed, and that he was determined to find it. He then produced the plans of the house and the old deeds relating to it, but we could discover nothing. We decided to continue the search, and got out some measures and a plan of the house. We went up to his room and mine and made measurements, the result of which was to convince us that there was a cavity of some size in the walls, or else remarkably thick walls.

Hamley then related to me something of the history of the Grange. It had belonged to the monks of Bampton Priory, some ten miles away, and had been used by them as a rest place and, as such, had been the favourite resort of the famous Abbot, Richard de Rhys, who had been found guilty of practising black magic and had been condemned to death. He evaded this punishment by escaping from the Priory by so-called magical means and fled to the Grange. He was there pursued by the monks but was never discovered or heard of again.

My friend was convinced that the Abbot had secreted himself in the hiding place and thus escaped detection. He thought that if we could discover this hiding-place he might find something of great antiquarian interest and evidence that might throw light on the disappearance of the infamous Abbot.

As he had other friends staying with him we had no opportunity to pursue the matter further and it had to be left in abeyance when I returned to London.

A week or so after my return he telephoned me and asked me if I would come and see him as he was back in London again. I called, and in the course of our talk the subject of the secret hiding-place naturally cropped up. He told me that after I left he established beyond doubt the existence of a hiding-place by boring the walls and pushing rods through the holes. I noticed that he seemed to have an uneasy manner while he was telling me about it, as though he was recalling an unpleasant experience.

I did not take a great deal of notice of this but made a mental note to see if there were any more interesting developments.

He remained in London for some months and I went to see him just before he decided to go into the country again. The topic of the secret room was, of course, bound to arise. When we had finished discussing it he told me that although he thought there was something weird and extraordinary about the room he was determined to penetrate into it. He told me that he had experienced those very weird sensations on that night when we had gone exploring together. I was then convinced that there

was something very much wrong with that room, something perhaps beyond the comprehension of man, and I endeavoured to persuade Hamley to be very careful, and to give up the project of meddling with things verging on the occult, and that if he must go through with it, at least to have someone there with him. He laughed at me, and said he was going through with it by himself, as nobody else knew anything about it, and he was going to spring it on them as a surprise. There was something uncanny about the room, but he would not be deterred from entering it.

He left for the country and I did not hear anything for a few days, when I had a letter to say that he had discovered the entrance, and was taking away the masonry to get in. He said that he had had a terrible experience when looking for the opening. He had felt something, which he could not define, trying to stop him all the time, and that what he had done had to be done at intervals as he was not able to carry on against the hostile influence for long periods. He had come to the conclusion that the spirit of the Abbot was standing guard over the hiding place and was trying to stop him obtaining an entrance; but he was still determined to go on and find out the secret of the chamber. The next day I received the dreadful news that he had been found dead.

I immediately left for the country to see if I could discover anything or be of any assistance. On my arrival I was met by his brother who told me the whole story.

Hamley had gone to his room alone, with the intention of changing his clothes for dinner but he had been there some little time when his brother went up to fetch him and, on entering the Abbot's Chamber, he found his brother lying stretched out on the floor—dead. He had been very surprised to see a part of the wall taken away and a secret chamber revealed. Nobody had known about it, but of course he said that had had nothing to do with it as it was a clear case of heart failure.

I went up with the brother to see the room and the hiding-place. There was an entrance in the wall, just large enough to admit a man, and it had recently been made. We entered, and came into a small chamber with a plain chair and table, upon which was an old book which crumbled away at our touch. There was nothing else, nothing to give a clue to the Abbot except on the floor was lying an old Monastic ring, which I picked up without being seen and which is now lying at the bottom of the Thames.

The thing that surprised me was that the sensations I had previously experienced did not recur, evidently Hamley by entering the room had freed the spirit, if it was the spirit which was responsible.

Hamley had been a strong healthy man, but now he was dead. The verdict was death from natural causes; I would have varied that verdict by one small prefix.

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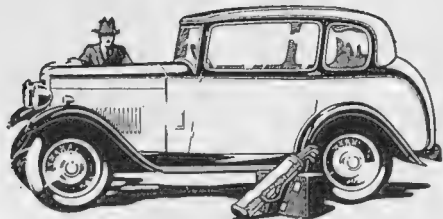
Can't Sleep—Can't Eat —Can't Work —Victim of Self Poisoning

Many of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins and poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder,

for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.



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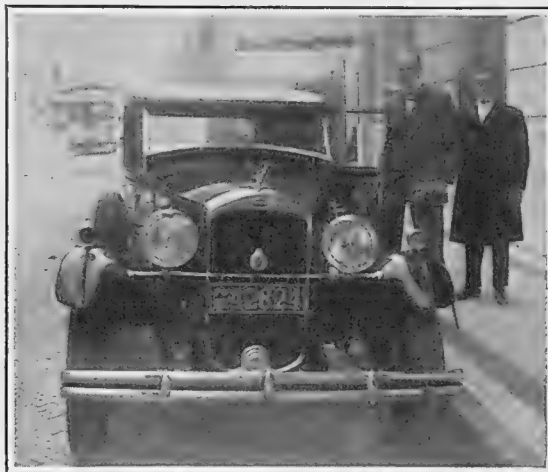
AIR EDDIES—continued from p. 14

African Air Mail.

The first aeroplane carrying the mails from Central Africa arrived safely with more than 50,000 letters at Croydon. From Mwanza the Imperial Airways machines took only nine days as compared with thirty-two days for surface transport. The flight was completed exactly to schedule as are most Imperial Airways flights nowadays. As the Empire services continue to run with safety and regularity it becomes increasingly difficult for the Post Office to persist in its reactionary attitude, and to find new reasons for not sending all the mails by air on the African and the Indian routes. The reasons the Post Office has given up to the present have consisted of a series of squalid, squirming *non sequiturs*. On the India route Imperial Airways have proved that air services can be run with regularity and safety, and with a schedule efficiency of more than 99 per cent. It is difficult to see what more there is to be done before the Post Office will give the public the advantage of higher mail speeds.

It would be instructive to hear what schedule efficiency ships had attained when they began to carry the mails and to be subsidized for so doing. The decision to send all mails by air when there is an air service available would be a tonic to the whole country's business, a heartening sign of progressiveness. The Air Ministry's request for tenders from the aircraft manufacturers for high-speed mail aeroplanes indicates that that department at least has appreciated the importance of putting our aeronautical ability to wider use in this field.

Some of the aircraft proposed have top speeds of more than 200 m.p.h. and landing speeds of less than 60 m.p.h. Some of them will be able, according to calculation, to cruise at 170 m.p.h. at normal engine revs. When the construction of one of these aircraft begins its progress will be watched with interest. In commercial aviation we have been inclined to pay too little attention to speed in the past and our unique experience in speed work, gained through participation in the Schneider Trophy race, has been largely wasted.



SIR HERBERT GIBSON, K.B.E.

Chairman of the executive committee of the British Trade Exhibition, Buenos Aires, about to enter his Humber "Snipe" saloon

PETROL VAPOUR—continued from p. 36

can't get about very well on their own feet. But it is very hard to see what alternative there is for it. And manifestly it cannot be very long before the thing is widely extended, for its application to only a few thoroughfares will soon prove inadequate. In any case it can, I think, contribute but little to the general speeding-up of traffic. On the other hand, the chasing-up of delinquents who overstay their time or do not happen to see the signs (which presumably will have to be erected to give us our directions) will provide yet another activity for our already overworked police force and a trifle more work for the local magistrates. A minor problem that arises is, what about the loading and unloading of business vehicles? Many of the big stores and similar concerns have tackled it very efficiently and their stationary vans do not cumber the streets at all, but for ninety-nine shops out of a hundred there is no special loading place except alongside the footpath. What about appointing certain hours and time limits for this job? It is scarcely fair if the passenger vehicle is to be the only one to be penalized.

The Retort.

Being comparatively a newcomer to the delights of Berkshire, I am free to admire or to deplore (as the case may be) the wit of the county's natives. T'other day, in a hurry as usual, the 20 Armstrong and I were hustling along a by-road, when we found our way blocked by a gargantuan steam lorry and trailer. I horned it as requisite, but it stuck to the middle of the road, and for a mile there was no getting past. Then, if you please, it pulled up, still in the middle, whilst the driver had a chat with a road-mender. More horning was indicated. Very reluctantly the monster made room for me. So I stopped alongside and exchanged a few courtesies, finishing up with something of this kind: "And what's more, you dirty, illegitimate off-spring of a pole-cat, I'll report you to your boss." With that the fellow burst into a mighty peal of honest laughter. "I'm 'im" (please, Mr. Printer, be careful with these apostrophes), he said. And that was that.

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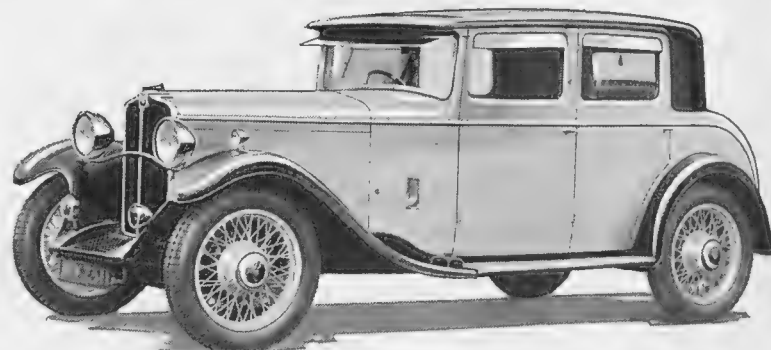
Sir Malcolm watching the Jackall four-wheel jacks in operation. The Jackall is built into the Star Comet as a standard feature.

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MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS



AN ALVIS "TWELVE FIFTY" SALOON

In a picturesque surrounding. The moderate price of this saloon is only £450

of the new car are exactly the same as regards quality, size, and shape as those of the 10-h.p. car which was introduced at the Motor Show last year, and which recently broke four long-distance world's records at Montlhéry. Thus the petrol tank is mounted in the "safety" position at the rear, and the specification includes wire wheels, a triplex glass screen, adjustable front seats, a speedometer, clock, folding luggage grid, chromium plating, etc. The four-speed gear box of the more fully equipped Ten is replaced by a three-speed giving ratios of 5.4, 10.3, and 17.8 to 1, whilst a sliding roof, bumpers, and spring gaiters (standardized on the £210 model) are other items which on the Victory Ten can be obtained at a small extra charge. Even so the new car fully justifies its makers' claim that it is the cheapest British car on the market.

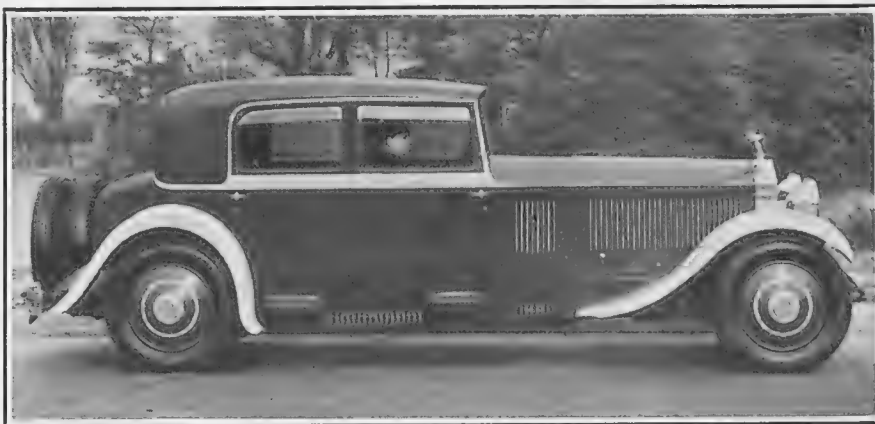
The policy which dominates the manufacture of Sunbeam cars can be very simply stated. It is a policy of building cars of the highest mechanical efficiency combined with coachwork equal to

To meet the requirements of the motorist who does not insist on the fullest equipment, Singer and Co., Ltd., have just placed on the market a 10-h.p. saloon known as the Victory model. The price of this

is £190 only. All the primary constructional features

the best examples of the leading coach-building specialists, and of making these cars available for the private owner at the lowest prices consistent with the standard of quality maintained. In the present range of models there are three distinct chassis types. The 16-h.p. and 20-h.p. models are powered with engines of new design, giving a considerably higher standard of road performance.

During the week commencing March 23 at the Hampton Launch Works, Platt's Eyot, Hampton-on-Thames, Messrs. John I. Thornycroft and Co., Ltd., held their "Demonstration Week." The object of this "week" was to give all those who are interested in motor-cruising, either as owners or potential owners, an opportunity of inspecting Thornycroft boats both in course of construction and ready for delivery. They also have available a range of various types of well-recommended second-hand craft which are offered at very reasonable figures.



BARKER LATEST TYPE SALOON LIMOUSINE ON A 40-60-h.p. ROLLS-ROYCE CHASSIS. Cellulosed red with cream mouldings and cream wings. The roof is covered in red leather to match paintwork. The interior upholstered in red leather with fawn cloth head-lining. Companion trays are recessed in the quarters. Triplex glass throughout. Barker patent wheel discs. This car is being exhibited at the forthcoming Berlin Motor Show

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In the April BRITANNIA AND EVE

LEICESTER, the self-seeking
Having come uppermost once
again, had at first favoured the idea
of a French match, just as he had
royed with the Spaniards earlier in
the reign. But, like the rest of
the court, he became alarmed at
the indiscretions of the Queen.
"The Monkey" became more im-
portant than the councillors of
state, and something had to be
done. A marriage between the
Queen and a French prince was
difficult enough to stomach. A
mésalliance with a gentleman of the
Duke of Alençon's wardrobe was
unthinkable. Altogether, apart from
reasons of state, Leicester experi-
enced that very human spite which
makes rejected lovers hate their
successful rivals. In that age the
sword ended many human prob-
lems, and Leicester did not hesitate
to plan the removal of the offending
Simier by assassination. He con-
spired with certain nobles, and
Simier was assaulted by murderers.
Happily he escaped, but news of
the suborned attack came to the
Queen. She went into a Tudor
fury, and gave Simier a suite of
rooms next her own in Greenwich
Palace, where he was in no danger
of molestation. He was even
given a key of the royal apart-
ments, where he could find refuge
if any bravo dared to whisper the
slightest threat against him.

Simier was outraged. . . .

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An Appeal for British Charities

The Friends of the Poor.

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for an old couple living at the back of beyond in a North London suburb; they are aged seventy-five and sixty-four. They have no children alive to help them. The old man was at one time a private in the Guards, and later for some forty years he earned a somewhat precarious living as an artist's model. His wife has suffered terribly for the last fifteen years with rheumatoid arthritis, and it is only by going to the hospital for six weeks' treatment every year that she manages to get about at all; she also has diabetes and has to have special diet. They have only the husband's old age pension which occasionally he can supplement by getting a few hours' work as a model. He earns 1s. 3d. an hour and sometimes can get four hours' work a day, but this is very rare nowadays. We want to give them 10s. a week during his wife's lifetime; they are both very worthy of help. Please send generously.

The Cancer Hospital.

In pursuance of the progressive policy followed by the Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, London, in their efforts to do everything possible to improve methods of treatment and advance research, the committee have purchased the Gastro-Photot, the amazing new instrument for photographing the stomach, and its possibilities are being investigated. It is expected that this instrument will render possible a big advance in the early diagnosis of internal cancer, thus affording treatment every chance of curing the disease. The Gastro-Photot consists of a camera which can be swallowed. Attached to the camera is a powerful electric lamp connected with an ordinary lighting circuit. By a most ingeniously contrived transformer any current can be used—direct or alternating, from 100 to 250 volts. As soon as the camera is inside the stomach the film is exposed by pressing a button. Another button is then pressed and the lamp flashes a light of 1,200 candle-power for 1-100th of a second. Finally, the first button is released to close the camera, which is then withdrawn from the stomach. The operation occupies no more than 60 sec.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

The work which Dr. Barnardo's Homes have done and are still doing for destitute and forlorn children surely needs no advertisement, but as these institutions, like all others of a similar nature, cannot go on without the sinews of war, for which they are mainly dependent upon the public, no excuse is necessary to ask for that further support, which is badly needed. Last year 17,797 children and young people were dealt with; 1,675 boys and girls and babies were permanently admitted, and until they are able to earn their own living (an average of about ten years) they must be cared for, fed, clothed, and trained by Dr. Barnardo's Homes. There are 182 separate cottages, households, and branches throughout the country. There are hospitals for those needing medical treatment (and how many of these starved children do!). At the Girls' Village Home, the Boys' Garden City, the Naval and Mercantile Schools, the Technical School, children of all ages are being

prepared to go through life as healthy, happy workers. They give back to their country in lives of service ample repayment for the care bestowed upon them. They radiate the happiness they have found inside the Homes. The record held by the Barnardo children who go overseas and become sharers in our Empire-making is that 98 per cent. do well. In what other walk of life could you find higher percentage of success? Dr. Barnardo's Homes give the destitute and forlorn little ones an opportunity to find the real meaning of life and happiness. No destitute child has ever been refused admission to Dr. Barnardo's Homes. That has meant an ever-increasing family. It grows at the average rate of five a day throughout the year. Since the work began the admissions total 109,250 boys and girls and babies, and the Family Circle is always over 8,000. It equals a town in size and requires town-planning estimates for catering, clothing, and training where these children are concerned. Over 24,000 meals alone have to be provided every day of the year. Medical care, special treatment for faulty limbs, diet, physical exercises specially designed to make strong children out of puny little ones, stunted and starved on admission, mean a heavy but necessary outlay. And then there is the training of these children, the teaching of trades, to fit them for the battle of life. Last year 1,479 were started in life at home and in the Dominions—the C 3 child becoming the A 1 wage-earning citizen. The Homes keep in constant touch with their young people, and it is to Barnardo's that these children look, and never in vain. Surely an institution worth preserving?

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales said upon a recent occasion: "This is a cause about which nobody need be in any doubt, and it is because our society has for so many years devoted itself to this cause with such conspicuous success that I feel confident it will get the public support which it now asks." These are a few figures which are more eloquent than any amount of verbiage. These homes and the *Arethusa* between them show us this record: 7,146 boys have been found civil employment; 1,036 boys have been helped to emigrate; 3,394 boys have joined the Royal Navy; 6,922 boys have joined the Mercantile Marine; 5,284 boys have joined the Army and Service bands; 3,634 girls have been prepared for household duties; 1,100 are at present in the homes and ship; 28,426 poor children have been helped on their voyage through life, and of these 3,634 girls have been prepared for household duties. There are 1,100 children in the Shaftesbury Homes. There are still plenty of hungry and weary children in this country of ours, bereaved of dear ones, who need our pity and our help and who need to be folded to the heart of this great society with love, smiles, and kindly deeds. In spite of pensions, widows still have to go out to work and leave their children in the streets out of school hours, where they have a poor chance of doing well and a good one of getting into trouble. Many, too, have to live in slums, as they are unable to pay higher rents, and the child product of the slums is handicapped in health and in character. Many sad cases come before us of poor people with large families who have to live in one room, with the father out of work, and often they are quite unable to pay the rent of council houses or of cottages. There is no home life for such children. These homes step in and fill that gap.

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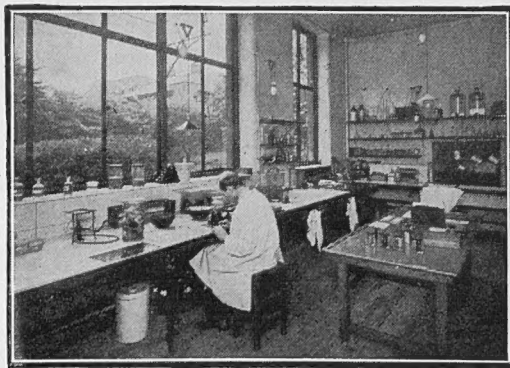
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Notes from Here and There

At the Savoy Hotel recently, the Gramophone Company entertained to lunch Mr. Peter Dawson and Mr. Mark Hambourg, prior to their Australian tour, and also in celebration of Mr. Dawson's completion of twenty-five years' unbroken service in recording for "His Master's Voice." Mr. Alfred Clark, the chairman of the Gramophone Company presided, and said that he most clearly remembered the very early days when such great artists as Patti and Melba made records. In those times the result on the gramophone gave squeaky, squawky noises, but all the pioneers had faith in the future, and that faith had been fully justified in the reproduction of recorded music to-day. As an interlude the record of Mr. Peter Dawson singing "Asleep in the Deep" twenty-five years ago was played on a gramophone of 1905, and by way of a contrast his rendering of the same song as recorded last year and played upon the latest "His Master's Voice" radio-gramophone with orchestral and choir effects. The progress of a quarter of a century was emphatically demonstrated. Next was given Mr. Hambourg's piano playing of Moskowski's "Study in G Flat," as recorded in 1906 and reproduced upon a gramophone of the period, the sound being a mere tinkle. Then came an electrical recording of the same piece reproduced on an up-to-date model, and all the richness, grandeur, depth, and delicacy of the work were revealed. Mr. Peter Dawson spoke of his long association with "His Master's Voice," and recalled that his first contract was for £50 for a year's recording, which, ridiculous as it seems in these days, he then thought to be marvellous. At that time he was a young fellow studying under Sir Charles Santley, and was glad to get 2 guineas for a concert, paying his own fares and hotel expenses. His principle was not to trouble about the fee, but to get into the market in the hope that bigger fees would follow. To-day the wireless could make a name in a week; in the old times it might take fifteen years for an artist to gain recognition. As a lad he joined his father's ironworks in Adelaide, Australia, and at twenty years of age he took a plumber's certificate, but he wanted to be a vocalist. Mr.

Mark Hambourg stated that to him it was always a pleasure to record the works of Beethoven, Brahms, and Chopin for "His Master's Voice." He was a precocious child, and started playing the piano at the age of five years, while when he was fourteen he was engaged for an Australian tour.



MISS LEA SEIDL

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May 5 should be marked down on your calendar for the Golden Ball, which is in aid of the Golden Square Throat, Nose, and Ear Hospital, and is to be held at the Dorchester. A novel and welcome feature of this ball is the dinner which will precede it and will be served at 9 o'clock in the ballroom, and the price of which is included in that of the ball tickets. Light refreshments will also be served later in the evening. During the ball a most attractive cabaret is being specially arranged by Mr. Henry Kendall and Mr. Richard Dolman. The price of the tickets is £2 (block of six tickets, £11), including dinner, cabaret, and running buffet. The dancing will be from 10 p.m. to 2 a.m. to the Embassy Band under the personal direction of Mr. Jack Harris. Tickets may be obtained from the May Fair Hotel and from the ball secretary, Margaret Maclean, Byron House, 7, St. James's Street, S.W.1.

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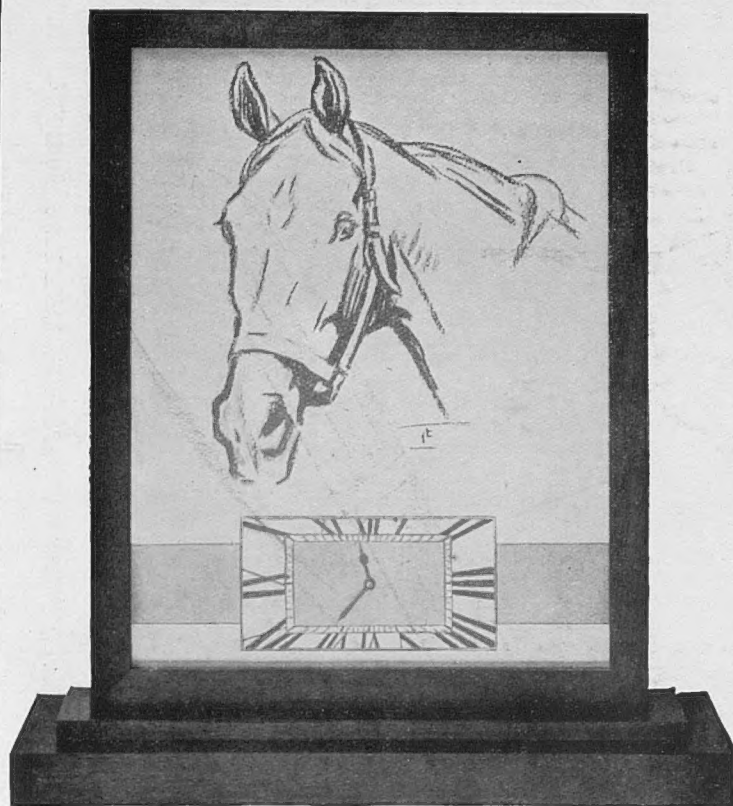
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